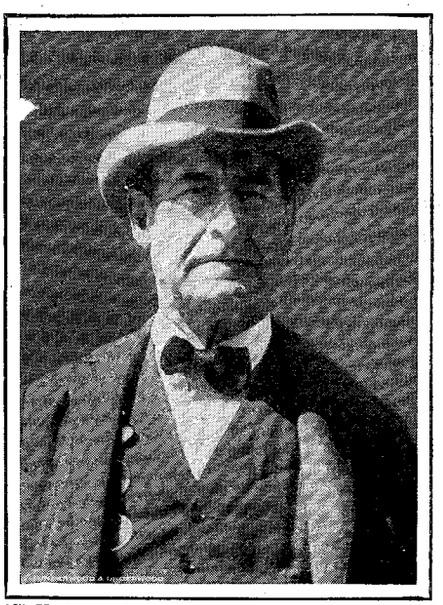
The Outlook

Volume 137 July 2, 1924 Number 9

As the Democrats Assemble

WITHOUT domination by any general group, the Democratic National Convention, after several days of striving, shook itself together—or apart, as the events may later prove—for the fall of the gavel as we went to press. There were numerous conflicting forces—the old conservatives and the old liberals, the Klan and the anti-Klan, the wets and the drys, the advocates of the League of Nations and its opponents, those who would give special aid to agriculture and those who would promote agriculture by promoting the general welfare. Open warfare was waged on all of these fronts, and the men who fought shoulder to shoulder on one of them were thrusting at each other's hearts on another. This, indeed, was the general rule except that, in the main, those who fought against specific condemnation of the Klan fought also against a prohibition modification plank.



(C) Underwood

William J. Bryan arriving for the Democratic Convention

The old order of leadership, though more in evidence than at Cleveland, appeared to lack force. Such of the bosses as remain found a dearth of vassals beyond their own immediate henchmen. There may come a new generation of Democratic bosses—the old one seems to be in impotent dotage.

The warfare among rivals for the nomination followed closely the warfare over issues, particularly wet and dry and Klan and anti-Klan. Practically speaking, McAdoo personified the Dry-Klan forces and Smith the Wet-Anti-Klan forces. Underwood, in considerable

P. & A. Photos

Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi (left), Keynoter of the Democratic Convention, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, in conference

International

Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia (left), with Cordell Hull, Chairman of the Democratic Convention, discussing the situation

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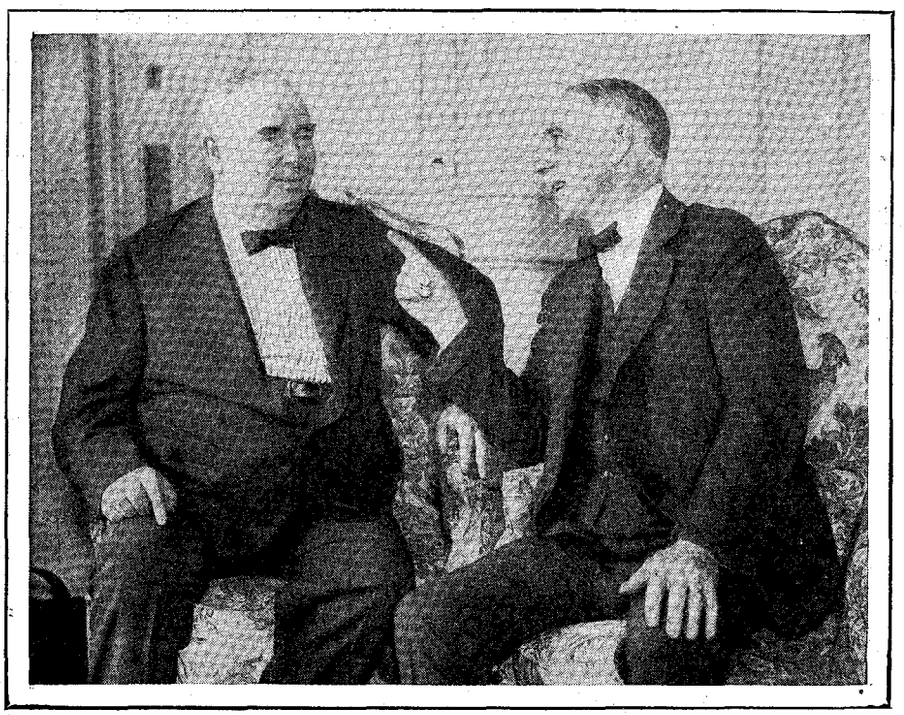


International

George E. Brennan, of Chicago, Illinois, and Tom Taggart, of Indiana, Democratic chiefs in their respective States, in conference at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City

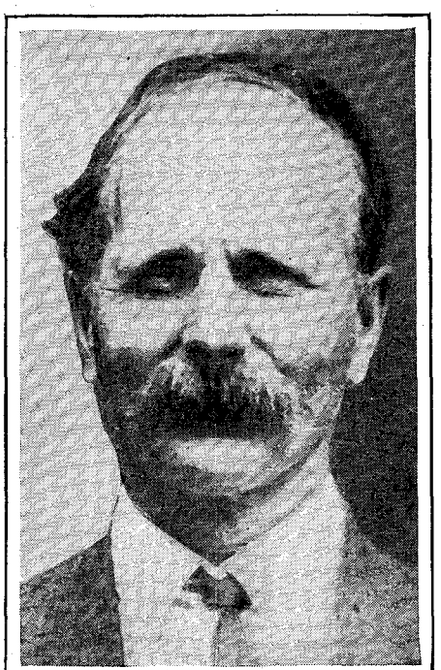
measure, made common cause with Smith. Other candidates, avowed and potential, were content to stay behind the firing line, hoping that the leaders would exhaust each other and leave the way clear for a recombination of forces.

The Convention began with almost unprecedented possibilities—for great constructive work on the one hand, for strife and even destruction on the other. What is to be done, for good or for evil, remained to be done after the Convention had been organized. It was not done in the preliminary tilting. Nothing was cut to order. If there is in the Convention a man or group of men who can make a fitting party garment from the whole cloth—many-colored cloth it is!—he and his group may have the opportunity of dominating the party vogue, it may be, for a generation.

Peggy O'Neill and the Two-Thirds Rule

THE ghost of a woman walked through the committee rooms of the Democratic National Convention where the abrogation of the two-thirds rule was considered. For it was a woman who, almost a century before women were admitted to political conventions, brought this system to the National Democracy. The command of Andrew Jackson put the rule into effect, but the influence of Margaret Eaton—who had been Peggy O'Neill, the tavern-keeper's daughter—was behind the command.

There were snobs as well as giants in those days, and both groups were in high places. General John H. Eaton, a member of the United States Senate from Tennessee, married the beautiful and vivacious daughter of the tavern where official Washington took its drinks. Jackson, regarding Eaton highly since the days when they fought Indians together, appointed him Secretary of War, and the barmaid, as they called her, moved into the Cabinet social circle. The wives of several of Jackson's official family were resentful and refused to receive her. Of this number was the wife of Vice-President Calhoun. Jackson, who was perhaps insistent beyond reason upon deference to women, became incensed and, as a result of the incident, reorganized his Cabinet.



(C) Underwood

Duncan McDonald, of Springfield, Illinois, former President of the Illinois State Miners' Association, nominee of the Farmer-Labor Progressive Party for President of the United States

The one Cabinet family at whose hands Mrs. Eaton received kindly consideration was that of Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State. Jackson, having conceived an implacable enmity for Calhoun, centered upon Van Buren as his favorite and determined to make him Vice-President in Calhoun's stead. Calhoun probably could have controlled a majority of the delegates. At Jackson's behest, the two-thirds rule was inaugurated. Van Buren was nominated and elected with Jackson, and those who, by humiliating Mrs. Eaton, had incensed Jackson were in their turn cast down.

Since that day of its queer origin in 1832 the two-thirds rule has done many queer things. It nominated Van Buren for President in 1836. It defeated him and nominated Polk in 1844. It later blasted the ambitions of some individual Democrats, but it saved the party from many a folly. For what the two-thirds rule has done in the past the Democratic party owes something of gratitude to the memory of Peggy O'Neill.

The American McDonald

DUNCAN MCDONALD, candidate for the Presidency named by the National Farmer-Labor party at St. Paul, should from his party's antecedents be of a brighter Socialist red tinge than the English Prime Minister of the same name. But, like other and greater parties, that in convention at St. Paul cannily avoided alienating possible voters and adopted a mildly radical platform, although it did favor recognition of the Russian Soviet Government, abolition of landlordism, the nationalizing of monopolized industries, and a few other things that we are not likely to see just now. Mr. McDonald, in accepting his nomination, declared:

"I'm not a Communist. I'm not a Red. But if standing for fair govern-

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ment and honesty and decency mean radical, then class me as a radical."

Well, if that is radicalism and that is all that radicalism is, then there are more radicals than conservatives in this country.

But Mr. La Follette has twice declined overtures from this particular band of radicals, not because they are too pink, but because they are too red. And anything too red for Mr. La Follette is too high-colored for most of us. Mr. W. Z. Foster was the leading figure at St. Paul; his theories are those of the Russian Communists. The reason that this little party cannot get on with the farmer and labor element that meets in Cleveland on July 4 is that La Follette and his followers, radical as they may be, are not willing to bear the political handicap of association with the Foster brand of radicalism.

Rhode Island Erupts Once More

For anything political aside from National politics to gain the least attention these days is no small achievement. And this is just what Rhode Island has done, despite the National Conventions and all their racket. We heard first of an endless filibuster, of a Democratic President of the State Senate who would not recognize any Republican for months on end, and finally of a bromine "bomb" that routed the Senate and was followed by the prompt escape of so many Republican Senators from the State that a quorum was no longer possible.

Outrageous as the whole performance was, it is perhaps not surprising in view of Rhode Island's unstable political history and unbalanced political organization. There were colonial upheavals, there was the refusal to send delegates to the Convention of 1787, and the very prompt rejection of the Constitution, despite its later acceptance.

Rhode Island's own Constitution is a curiosity. We find, for instance, that property qualifications for suffrage are still demanded in city council elections. Again, Assembly members quite properly are chosen on a basis of population, but the Constitution of 1842, following a Federal analogy no longer applicable in this day of large cities, gives every town and city one Senator, so that a community of a few hundred has as much power and representation as the city of Providence. Furthermore, because of several almost incredible powers given it, the Senate largely controls the State Government. So it is that when a majority wishes to have a Constitutional Convention, let us say, and make needful changes, the small town and village population, though in a minority, are able to prevent it absolutely. And that is the basis of the present row. The small-town Republican minority of population, having a majority of the Senate, can effectually check any attempt to revise the Constitution.

As the New York "Times" intimates, the whole performance rightly belongs to the domain of comic opera. Eventually, no doubt, Rhode Island will devise a more rational kind of Constitution.

International

Lieutenant Maughan, who has made a one-day flight across the continent. What the Air Mail plans to do regularly in about thirty-two hours he did in 21 hours and 45 minutes

Transcontinental Air Mail

For more than five years the Air Mail Division of the Post Office Department has been working for a transcontinental day-and-night air mail service. The percentage of efficiency during the five years has steadily increased. There have been times when the Air Mail planes operated on schedule in and out of Chicago on days when rail and water traffic met serious interference. Heretofore the Air Mail has contented itself with advancing from one terminal point to another mail deposited after the departure of trains. Beginning July 1, however, this advancing service was combined with a night-flying service, so that mail will be carried through to its destination or to a nearest transfer point. A letter mailed in New York in the morning will reach San Francisco the following evening. The eastbound schedule calls for 32 hours and 5 minutes. Westbound, the time will be 34 hours and 45 minutes. The westbound schedule is aided by three hours more of daylight, as the flight is with the sun.

The Air Mail came suddenly into the limelight last August, when for five days, in addition to the regular schedules, this branch of the Post Office Department put on a continuous through service from San Francisco to New York in both directions, with a schedule of 30 hours and 15 minutes. All eight trips planned were completed, seven went through on a clockwork schedule, and six lowered the running time by from one to two hours. Thus the Post Office Department lives up to the motto from Herodotus which is carved above the portal of the New York Post Office: "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." And out of these successful demonstrations came the decision of the Postmaster-General to extend the scope of the Air Mail so that day and night flights between New York and San Francisco would be made.

The New York-San Francisco transcontinental "line" is 2,680 miles long, and, besides being the longest regularly operated airway in the world, it is the first night route to be operated anywhere. For roughly one-third of the distance, between Cheyenne and Chicago, the pilots will fly by night. They will be guided by automatic acetylene lights placed every three miles. There is an

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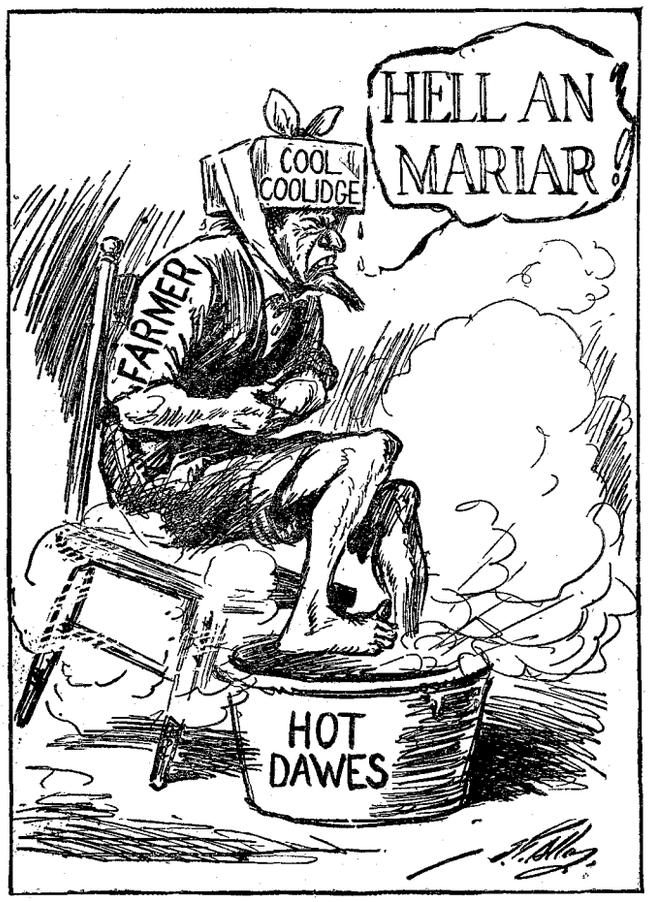
Grief and Uneasiness

(Henry V, Act II, Scene 2)

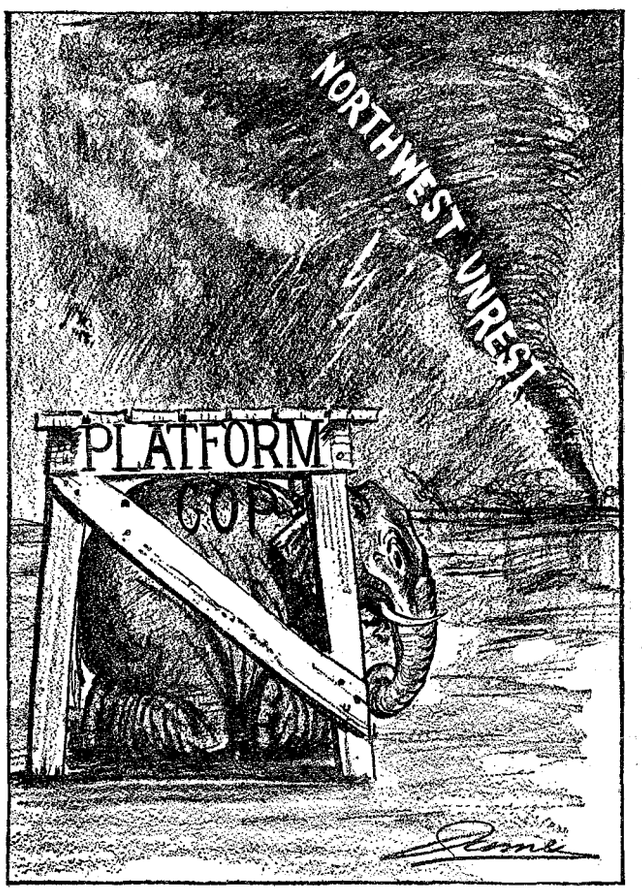
Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal



Queer treatment for "miss-a-meal" cramps!

From A. Walden Klaus, Vicksburg, Miss.

James in the St. Louis Star



Hoping it will pass around

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

Rodger in the San Francisco Bulletin

At the crossroads

From John C. Christie, San Francisco, Cal.

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

Can he shake it off?

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emergency landing-field, provided with powerful searchlights, approximately every twenty-five miles along this night route, and at points about every two hundred and fifty miles there are regular landing-fields with searchlights visible from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles when flashed in the air.

The new transcontinental Air Mail is to be operated in three zones—New York to Chicago, Chicago to Cheyenne, and Cheyenne to San Francisco. Pilots will have the advantage of flying in daylight in the first and last zones. Like the railway, the Air Mail has its division points, where fresh planes and new pilots are provided and the pouches of mail loaded and unloaded. Special stamps will be issued—the rate from New York to Chicago being 8 cents an ounce; New York to Cheyenne, 16 cents an ounce; and through to San Francisco, 24 cents an ounce.

The gain will be relatively as great as that which the United States and Great Britain enjoyed when steamships took the place of sailing vessels as mail carriers. In fact, one hour will now correspond roughly to a day of the pony express of sixty years ago. New York morning papers are to be delivered in San Francisco the day following publication; with the pony express, it was usually a month after publication. In terms of transportation, San Francisco is no farther from New York to-day than Philadelphia was a hundred years ago.

The shortening of the continent has been dramatically illustrated by the achievement of Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan, who on Monday, June 23, left Mitchel Field, on the outskirts of New York, at 3:59 in the morning. He made five stops for repairs and refueling on his journey westward, and arrived at San Francisco at 9:44 P.M., Pacific time. His actual flying time was 18 hours and 26 minutes. In elapsed time his journey consumed 21 hours and 45 minutes. This flight was Lieutenant Maughan's third attempt at winning this heroic endurance contest against time.

Rock Dusting—A New Way to Prevent the Spread of Mine Explosions

AMERICAN coal mine operators are beginning to put into practice a relatively new and fairly successful method of limiting coal mine explosions to the immediate part of the mine in which they start. By means of coatings of powdered rock applied in zones to the surfaces of the various entries to the working faces, explosions are confined to one part of the mine instead of spreading all over it. This simple method depends in principle on the fact that, while the accumulations of coal dust that are to be found in all parts of most mines are explosive and inflammable, rock dust is not.

This method has been in use in Europe for a number of years, although its use there was not widespread until the years following the World War. In certain types of mines England now requires rock dusting by law.

According to an instructive bulletin issued by the Bureau of Mines at Washington on the subject of rock dusting, "Operators of the mines in southern Illinois that have installed rock-dust barriers state that these have prevented many coal-dust explosions, which were started by local explosions, from propagating beyond the barrier in the mouth of the panel in which the explosion originated." The technical press, especially "Coal Age," has recently given considerable attention to the subject, and the practice of dusting mines is growing.

How Rock Dusting Accomplishes this Result

WHEN a relatively small explosion takes place in one of the many workings of a dry mine, the sudden rush of air which is thereby occasioned is transmitted violently along the many passages. If dry coal dust lies on the walls and floors of these passages, it is thus "kicked up" and fills the air. Coal dust in this sort of suspension is in ideal condition for ignition and explosion. These conditions are practically identical with those which bring about the great explosions of dust in grain elevators, survivors telling of a primary and small explosion, followed by a great explosion of the accumulated dust thus dislodged, which does most of the damage.

Since January last nearly four hundred lives have been lost in mines owing to spreading explosions. The rock dust now being so successfully employed is simply powdered limestone or shale, and it may be spread by hand, by introducing it into the air which the fans keep supplied to the mine workings, or by means of a hose and nozzle injector carried along the passage being dusted. It is of interest to note that the method of mine sprinkling with water, designed to accomplish the same purpose, is no longer regarded as a practical success. It has been difficult to keep the mines uniformly wet, and the humidity resulting from surfaces kept wet makes unwholesome working conditions for the miners.

When an explosion occurs in some of the many workings of a rock-dusted mine, however, it causes clouds, not of inflammable coal dust, but of non-inflammable rock dust to fill the contiguous passages of the mine, isolating the damage to the place of origin. A secondary advantage gained is owing to the better lighting which is made possible by reflection from walls and ceilings coated with light-colored rock. Better lighting means fewer work accidents.

The Mount Everest Disaster

EXACTLY what happened to cause the death of two members of the Mount Everest advanced attack had not been learned up to June 24. What is positively known as we write is the one tragic fact that George Leigh Mallory and A. C. Irvine lost their lives in the attempt to scale the last peak of the giant mountain of the Himalayas, which rises 29,000 feet above sea-level at the border of Tibet and Nepal.

Three theories are quite possible: one, that the leaders were struck by such a blizzard as had twice driven back the expedition from ground gained by fierce snow and wind; the second, that an avalanche struck them; the third, that a slip or climbing accident occurred such as has so often caused disaster in Switzerland. The President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Francis Younghusband, reports that Colonel Norton, the active head of the expedition, used the word "killed" in his brief despatch, and Sir Francis infers that accident rather than exhaustion was the cause. He pays a fine tribute to Mallory as a man of great courage and "a noble, unselfish mountaineer." Irvine was a less experienced mountaineer, the youngest man in the party, but had a fine physique and great endurance.

One often hears the question asked, "Of what value are such dangerous ascents?" George Mallory, when asked

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why he longed to reach the summit of Mount Everest, said: "Because it is there. Everest is the highest mountain in the world and no man has reached its summit. Its existence is a challenge. The answer is instinctive, a part, I suppose, of man's desire to conquer the universe."

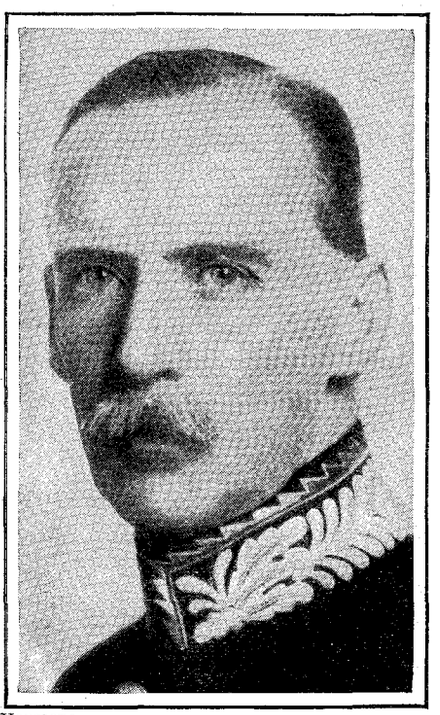
Thus ends the third attempt to conquer the highest peak in the world. The expedition started from Darjeeling in India on March 26 last under the command of General C. G. Bruce (who was by illness compelled to abandon the active leadership), and it was made up of thirteen Englishmen and several native porters. Mallory had been engaged in both the previous attempts—1921 and 1922—and in the latter ascent, together with Norton and Somerville, beat the Duc d'Abruzzi's altitude record (24,600 feet) by 2,200 feet.

Undoubtedly the attempt on Mount Everest will be renewed sooner or later.

Frank Bunker Gilbreth

ONE of the great creative minds among the practical men of this country ceased its service when Frank Bunker Gilbreth died on June 14. He had devoted himself to what he believed to be the greatest task of conservation—conservation of human energy. All about him he saw wasted effort. He saw muscular action frittered away. He saw mental labor employed to little or no effect. He saw motion in all its varied forms ill adapted to good purpose. And he set his mind to work to plan methods for the saving of all this waste of energy. Unlike many so-called efficiency experts, he had a scientific mind. He did not acquire that in the university or technical school, for he had no schooling beyond the high school grades. It may be said for him, however, that he acquired an education vicariously, for his wife received both the bachelor's and master's degree from the University of California. Yet this man became one of the most notable consulting engineers of the country.

He was early an associate with Frederick W. Taylor, originator of the so-called Taylor method of scientific management, and contributed greatly to the science of management in the early years of its development. One of his best-known achievements was in changing radically the method of laying bricks, which had remained stationary as an art from almost prehistoric times. In later years he devoted himself to the minute study of motion. His ingenuity, which had the characteristics of his Yankee ancestry, was devoted to the perfection of devices which enabled him to find out exactly what was the best way of doing anything. He applied his ideas to such widely varied subjects as conveying huge weights and lip reading. One day, in coming into the Outlook office, he said, "I have noticed already five wrong ways of doing something in your office." We asked him what they were, and he said he noted five people folding circulars, and each was doing it in a different way, and that the chance of any one of those being the right way was so remote that he was quite sure every one was wrong. He was convinced that an industrial and economic revolution could be brought about in this country by the application of known ways of eliminating waste in motion. And he set himself to preach the gospel of this conservation of motion for the sake of man. Nowhere were his services more highly appreciated than in Czechoslovakia, and he was responsible for much of what that small European country had contributed to industrial progress. If he had lived, he would have been an interesting and notable figure at the forthcoming Power Conference in London.



Keystone

H. Cunnard Cummins, British Chargé d'Archives in Mexico City, who was requested to leave Mexico by its Government

Personally Mr. Gilbreth was a most engaging man. Hopeful, energetic, genial, vigorous, he radiated energy. He was a great believer in life outdoors and in the development of those fundamental virtues that enable men to make their way against physical and mental odds. He served in the Army as a major of engineers, was pronounced dead, but was revived, and lived to die suddenly in peace through failure of his heart.

It is not unlikely that his discoveries and contributions to the engineering science will affect society more profoundly than many spectacular political changes.

Mexico, England, and Mrs. Evans

FOR years and until recently neither this country nor Great Britain has been on normal diplomatic terms with Mexico. Quite lately Great Britain decided to follow our example in recognizing Obregon's Government and to send out a commission to take up the question in Mexico City. But before the commission started, to use a popular phrase, the Mexican beans were spilled.

Formal recognition and interchange of ambassadors or ministers is not necessary in maintaining amicable relations between nations. Great Britain did not have a *chargé d'affaires* in Mexico, but did have a *chargé des archives,* Mr. H. Cunnard Cummins. Mexico has been complaining about Mr. Cummins for two years, and now has taken just this delicate time to object to him as *persona non grata,* and request his removal under threats of expulsion. Mexico has a perfect right to do this. Mr. Cummins has gone. The commission has not been sent. And the question of recognition is back where it was.

Behind this rather ludicrous incident may lie something more serious. England is not worried about her diplomatic affairs on this side the Atlantic, for she knows the implications of the Monroe Doctrine. But she does care a good deal about protecting English subjects abroad. It is claimed that the real cause of the quarrel between Mr. Cummins and Obregon is the ill treatment of a British subject, Mrs. Rosalie Evans, and that what the Mexican Government considered impudent communications from Mr. Cummins were proper requests that this woman should be protected from invasion and destruction of her property and

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compensated for injuries already inflicted.

Prime Minister MacDonald, who took over this international squabble from his predecessor, read in Parliament the letters from Mr. Cummins to which Mexico objected as "very rude" and said: "I see nothing in these letters that is objectionable, and if the Foreign Offices objected to such communications there would soon be no diplomatic relations at all. The behavior of the Mexican Government has been inexcusable."

Meanwhile, according to despatches to American papers, Mrs. Evans's *hacienda* is surrounded by guerrillas and regular soldiers, and the gallant Englishwoman declines to move out at the behest of the War Minister, who claims that the property should be divided among small farmers under a land tenure law. The Government says she would be paid for the property; she says that she knows too many owners who have not been paid for land so taken, and avers that some owners have been murdered. Mr. Cummins calls this "the persecution and despoiling of a woman alone in the world and defenseless."

We hope Mrs. Evans wins!

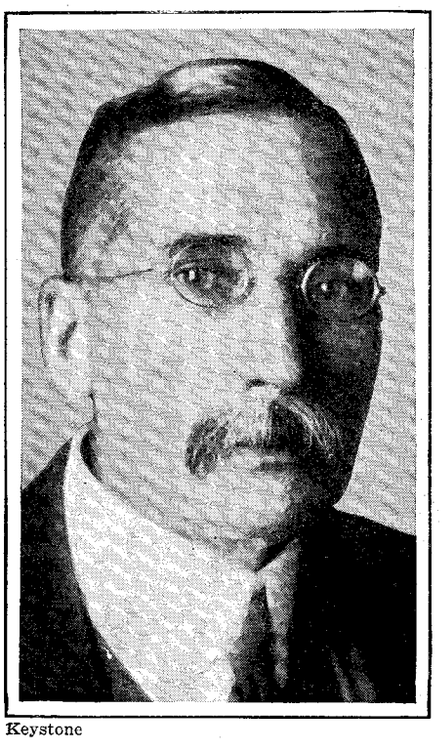
Hertzog Succeeds Smuts

IN the South African elections General Smuts has been decisively beaten and General Hertzog reigns in his stead. The violence of the reaction against Smuts is sufficiently explained by the fact that for twenty years he has been the virtual dictator of the Union, at first with Botha, afterwards alone. What mankind has seen in Smuts is the idealist who drafted a scheme for the League of Nations, and declared that the Treaty of Versailles was too severe in its terms, and addressed Europe in language to which the whole world was compelled to listen. Internationally, Smuts, like Woodrow Wilson, was accepted as a prophet of liberalism.

In South Africa he was never so popular. To the Boer on his lonely farm it was a far cry across the illimitable veldt to Geneva. And when Smuts was absent in the limelight things at home did not always run smoothly. Moreover, he shed blood. When there were strikes on the Rand, Smuts did not hesitate to shoot. And he also ordered shooting when, during the war, the more extreme Boers struck a blow for independence. Two parties in South Africa, thus enraged, could see in him only an enemy. And they have combined to drive him into outer darkness.

Hitherto Smuts, whose nickname has long been "slim Jan," has managed to keep his critics in two camps. The Labor Party, led by Colonel Cresswell, is firm in loyalty to the British Empire and agrees with Smuts that South Africa can remain united only if Boer and Briton live at peace as fellow-citizens. If, then, Cresswell quarrels with Smuts, it is only as if Ramsay MacDonald quarreled with Lloyd George over the Black and Tans.

But Hertzog is the Jefferson Davis of



Keystone

General J. B. M. Hertzog, new Premier of British South Africa

South Africa. He regards Smuts as Jefferson Davis would have regarded Lee if Lee had turned against the South. Hertzog frankly wishes to secede from Britain. He wants a South Africa that shall be only Dutch, or at least a South Africa where the Dutch shall be absolute master. On the ultimate question of sovereignty, therefore, Hertzog and Cresswell, though allied for the moment against Smuts, are at cross-purposes. And Cresswell supported Hertzog at the recent election only on the understanding that in the Parliament so elected the issue of secession should not be raised. This "pact," as it is called, may not be easy for Hertzog to observe. And, in any event, he has trouble ahead of him because it is part of his programme to disfranchise all save white voters in the Cape Province.

That South Africa will secede from the Empire is not anticipated. But the success of Hertzog, coming at a moment when Canada is making difficulties over Imperial diplomacy like the Treaty of Lausanne, and when Australia and New Zealand are upset over the abandonment of a naval base at Singapore, subjects the Empire to one more strain. Britain will not fight a second war to keep South Africa within her fold. And South Africans—a mere handful of whites living amid a much larger population of blacks—will doubtless think more than once before they endanger a connection which imposes no burden but does imply a guaranty of racial and international security.

A Matter of Manners

THE reply of Secretary Hughes to the Japanese protest against our Immigration Law is couched in measured and courteous terms. Secretary Hughes points out that the United States has never relinquished its right to treat immigration as a domestic problem. He shows that Japan has acquiesced in this American view—indeed, that she has applied the same principle of action to her own immigration problem. Japan has never questioned our right to make such laws as we saw fit for the control of aliens within our borders. It was the spirit rather than the letter of our Immigration Law which apparently was the chief cause of the Japanese protest.

Secretary Hughes admits that the Government of Japan is considered relieved, from the date upon which the Immigration Act goes into force, from all the obligations of the Gentlemen's Agreement. He expresses his earnest appreciation of the co-operation which Japan has extended in the past for the fulfillment of this agreement.

In a wireless from a special correspondent of the New York "Times," Mr. Wilfred Fleisher, it is stated that Japanese officials are taking the stand that Japan has not excluded Chinese laborers from her land. This claim is based on the fact that Japan has no law on her statute-books restricting such immigration or any quota law similar to our own.

Mr. Charles Hodges in last week's issue of The Outlook pointed out very clearly how Japan operates a policy of exclusion even though there is no national law providing for it. All of which may indicate that manners are sometimes

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more important than methods if a desired end is to be achieved.

The Road to Accord

ANOTHER Inter-Allied Conference is in prospect. At present it seems that that Conference, which is tentatively set for July 15, will consist of Belgium, Britain, France, and Italy. Of course these four Powers would be glad to have the United States represented; but it is hardly possible that an invitation to attend the Conference will be sent to the United States without some assurance in advance that an invitation would be welcome. Probably such hope as exists that America will be represented rests largely upon the fact that it is America that has found for Europe in the Dawes report the most practicable way discovered so far to an adjustment of Europe's difficulties. It is even hinted that the four European Powers would be pleased to have America represented by General Dawes himself.

Memory of the numerous conferences which succeeded the conclusion of peace, so called, does not conduce to much faith in another conference of the same sort. If conditions were fundamentally the same as they were when the Powers met, for example, at Genoa, or even as they were when they met last at London, the chance of anything good coming out of a conference now would be remote. But conditions are not the same.

In the first place, then England and France were drifting apart; now they are distinctly drifting toward each other. There are two reasons for this change in Anglo-French relationships. One is the change of government in each country. Lloyd George, or even Baldwin, and Poincaré had nothing really in common. The British Government was very British and the French Government was very French. Now, however, both MacDonald, who speaks for Britain, and Herriot, who speaks for France, profess a common faith on behalf of the European laboring classes. Even though MacDonald is as much bound to consider Britain's interests as Baldwin or Lloyd George was, and Herriot is as much bound to consider the interests of France as was Poincaré, they cannot with self-respect appear openly antagonistic on a matter in which their principal supporters demand an accord. The other reason for the change in Anglo-French relationships is the discovery by England that France's will to secure reparations and protection is unshakable. The doleful predictions of horrible consequences that would follow the occupation of the Ruhr did not have their hoped-for effect in changing the purpose of France; and Britain, following her usual fashion, has accepted the fact and is accommodating herself to it.

In the second place, at the time of the former conferences Germany was bent on her path to catastrophe; now she has had her lesson in the futility of resistance and has begun to turn her mind toward some way out. It is not necessary to trust all of the statements made by the spokesmen for the German Government to be persuaded that Germany's frame of mind is more amenable to reason than it was a year ago.

In the third place, during the period of those former conferences there was no prospect for any practicable plan of providing reparations; now the Dawes plan has been worked out and is in principle at least generally accepted. Conditions, therefore, are more favorable now than they were for understanding.

Those conditions will not be improved unless it is clearly understood—

First, that the change in Government in France means no radical change in the French foreign policy. Herriot may be counted on to be as firm in standing for reparation and security as Poincaré, and to hold whatever advantage Poincaré's policy of occupying the Ruhr has given to France. If there is a withdrawal of French forces from the Ruhr, it will only be because Herriot is convinced that now other guaranties, such as those supplied by the Dawes plan, are as effective as the presence of *poilus*. What Herriot said the other day should be engraved in the minds of all who are subject to illusions about the new French Government. This is what he said:

> France's conciliatory spirit, which is sincere and indisputable, cannot go so far as to lull her vigilance and make her forget the lessons of the past.

Second, that the French have never been, and are not now, actuated by hate or revenge, but by the desire for what they conceive to be a square deal. Much of the difficulty in the past has been due to the failure to understand the mental processes of the French and the tendency to ascribe to them emotions which are not characteristic of them. In his address at Dartmouth, where he was honored by a degree, Ambassador Jusserand expressed the dominant French feeling when he said:

> We French hate bitterness and war. France is working and hoping for peace. Hating of others, shooting, and sarcasm will not provide the energy for meeting the problems of the day.

Third, that mere expressions of good will cannot take the place of practical measures of restoration. If any attempt is made to substitute some kind of emotion for the working out of the Dawes plan, improvement in conditions now noticeable will cease. We are not sure that America just now can do anything until the plan which she has contributed to Europe is put into actual operation. If the presence of General Dawes in Europe will further that, it may be possible that he can serve his country there better than he can in devoting the time to his Vice-Presidential campaign.

Americans ought not to commit themselves to any particular method. We can serve the world best by keeping ourselves free to serve in any way that seems wisest.

The Matteotti Mystery

SO many violently partisan accusations have been put forth in connection with the disappearance in Rome on or about June 12 of Giacomo Matteotti, often called the millionaire Socialist Deputy, that it will be well to wait for definite knowledge before drawing conclusions or making prophecies as to the political effect of the incident. Despatches from Italy have stated that Mussolini, Italian Premier and dictatorial ruler, who has been indorsed by the people at the polls, proposed to issue a statement on June 24. Very likely this will be read by our subscribers before this issue of The Outlook reaches them. Meanwhile we may here quote a statement attributed to Prince Caetani, the Italian Ambassador to the United States, which we find in two New York newspapers ("Times" and "World"). In both despatches from Washington Prince Caetani is quoted as saying:

> Merciless justice will be meted out to the dastardly murderers. . . .
>
> This crime will cause a healthy reaction and bring into relief the fact that the social, political, and economic reconstruction of Italy must and can only be carried on along the rational and constitutional lines pointed out and followed by Mussolini himself.
>
> The supposed murderers belong to that class of criminals which exists in every party, no matter how respectable, in every country.

Fascismo is passing through fire at

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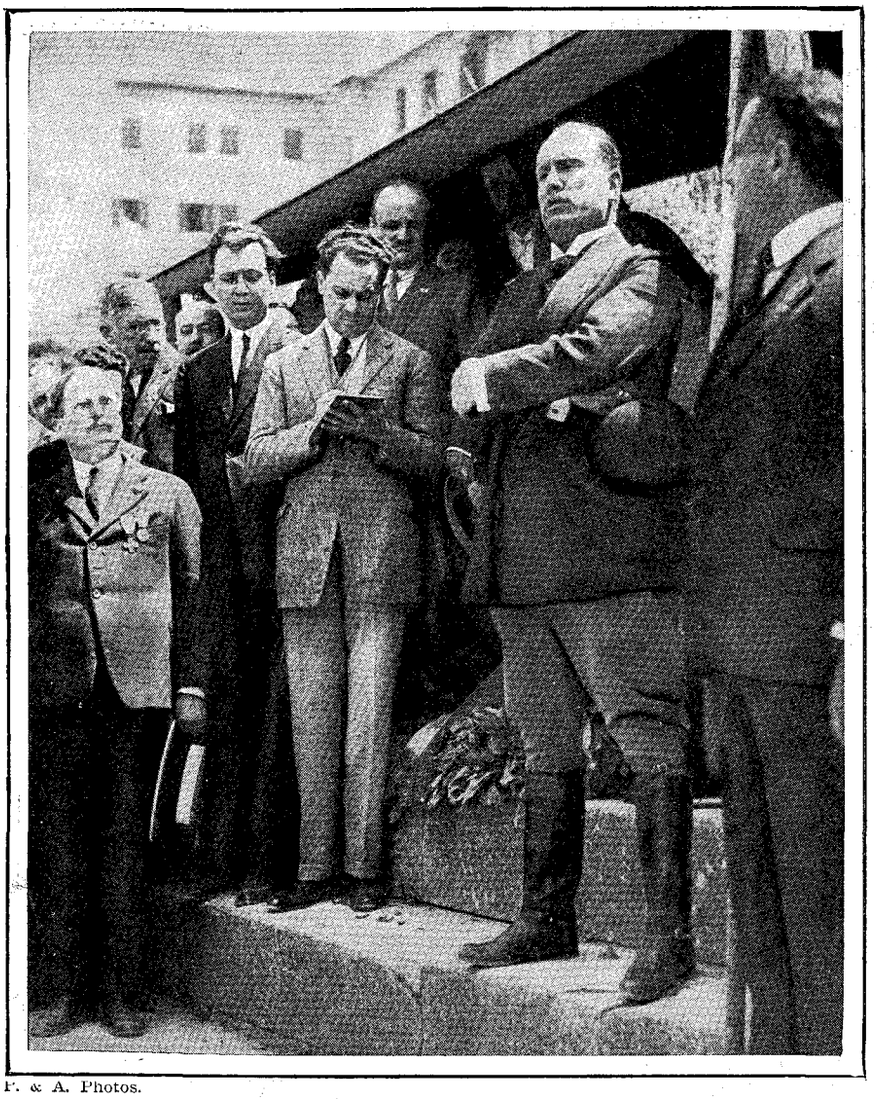

P. & A. Photos.

Premier Mussolini speaking at a recent outdoor meeting in Rome

this moment. It will come out purer and stronger.

Prince Caetani's general comment, as quoted in the "Times" despatch, is: "Fascismo will come out of this storm stronger and more respected than ever. . . . Mussolini's integrity has never been disputed."

This view of Mussolini's purpose and policy is supported by an Italian correspondent of the "New Statesman" of London, which criticises his actions, yet adds: "Many of his strongest supporters regard Fascism simply as an experiment toward the establishment of a strong State in Italy, a State which may turn out in the end to be democratic, and even to be based on sound representative institutions. For it is a mistake to suppose that Signor Mussolini has destroyed anything of much value."

The Communist extremists who oppose Fascism assert that Matteotti was kidnapped, murdered, and, as some say, his body burned by enraged Fascisti because he was about to expose corruption in high Fascistic quarters. They accuse several men by name of being concerned either in the crime itself or in its concealment. Among these are Dumini (who is alleged to have confessed the actual murder); Filipelli (former editor of the "Corriere Italiano," said to have instigated the crime); Finzi (formerly Under-Secretary of State, who is said to have taken bribes in connection with oil contracts and the legalizing of gambling); and Rossi (described as until lately head of the press bureau of the Ministry of the Interior). All these men have been under investigation. Obviously the charges are made in an inflamed state of mind by radicals of the extreme type and must not be taken too seriously unless and until they are proved.

The Fascist movement was in effect a counter-revolution. There is always justification for revolution when liberty and security are attacked on a large scale. Italy was suffering from the dangerous activity of Bolshevistic anarchism on the one hand and governmental supineness on the other. The old-fashioned revolution in which the aggrieved citizens take arms and fight the government was impossible under modern military conditions.

The story of Mussolini's extraordinary achievement in reforming Italy without attacking king or parliamentary government is told in this issue of The Outlook by Mr. Charles W. Holman, with special reference to its bearing on farmers.

In its own peculiar way the Mussolini peaceful revolution—for, although it was accompanied by some acts of violence, it was in the main orderly—rescued Italy from a perilous situation. A government so established is bound in time to be preyed upon to some extent by men of selfish ambition and venal purposes. It may be that the searching inquiry that must follow the present excited state of affairs will result in definitely establishing constitutional guaranties and thoroughgoing representative self-government. What is not only permissible but necessary in a state of national peril may not always prove the best permanent system of control.

The Northwest

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

NOTHING is more dangerous for a journalist than to make generalizations about the social and economic conditions of a country through which he happens to travel more or less hastily. I often recall, as a warning of this danger, the story of an American who made the grand tour of Europe on a plan which allowed thirty-six or, at the most, forty-eight hours for each of the great capitals. When he returned to "God's country," a neighbor asked him if he had seen Venice. "Yes," he replied; "but when we got there they were in the midst of a terrible flood. All the streets were under water and all the people were traveling around in boats, so we didn't stay."

I have just had the pleasure and the education of a week's visit in the Northwest—by the Northwest I mean, in this instance, the States of Minnesota and North Dakota—and I have received some very distinct impressions of that

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beautiful and industrious section of the country, which I shall venture to set down here because they are so totally at variance with the accepted notions of many people in Eastern cities, and I am not sure but that I might safely add, of the average New York City merchant and financier.

What is known as the Northwestern grain area is embraced in the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana. This region is supposed by New Yorkers to be in a hopeless slough of despond. Its citizens, or at any rate its farmer-citizens, are believed to be the advocates and victims of some of the most threatening economic and political heresies that have ever attacked the general welfare of the United States. If I had trusted sensational reports, I should have half expected to find on every hand abandoned farms, bankrupt banks, rusted railways, and red-shirted Anarchists preaching Bolshevism and the revolution. On the contrary, I found everywhere visible evidence of intelligence, industry, achievement, research, and confidence. The railways are well built, well maintained, and well operated. More attention is being paid by their officials to the comfort of the passenger and the welfare of the shipper than by many of the railways of the East. In a dining-car of the Great Northern Railway, for instance, I found a bill of fare especially prepared for children. It is a little illustrated pamphlet of eight pages, entitled "A Menu for Growin' Ups," and it suggests arrangements for breakfast, luncheon, and what it calls "the bedtime meal" for every day in the week. One luncheon item caught my eye. It read, "Baked potatoes with oodles of butter, fifteen cents."

The public buildings, the business houses, and the homes of the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis are unsurpassed for attractiveness by those of any city in the country. A great department store, on the spacious avenue which forms the union between these Siamese-twin cities, has a beautiful garden and lawn in front of it which is an almost incredible demonstration of the fact that commerce can be æsthetically beautiful when it wants to be. St. Paul has a unique public library—or at least, if it is not unique, I can only say that I have seen nothing approaching it in plan and method of operation except the municipal library in Melbourne, Australia. I refer to what is called, rather unfortunately, I think, the "Hill Reference Library." When I saw the name, I supposed that it meant a collection of reference books. Not at all. It is a general library with a special emphasis laid upon biography, history, economics, science, and art. Its architectural arrangement, finish, and decoration is exceptionally beautiful. As a New Yorker I derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that the architect who designed it, Mr. E. D. Litchfield, is also a New Yorker. The munificence which established it, however, is wholly Northwestern, for its existence is due to the benefactions of James J. Hill. Its librarian, Mr. Joseph Pyle, assured me that no red tape whatever needs to be cut in order to get at the stacks, and several small private rooms are provided into which any student or reader may take from the stacks any books which he likes for the purposes of consultation.

The public and private schools, the technical schools, and the universities of this region are modern and progressive in every respect. The University of Minnesota, of course, is well known everywhere, but I wonder how many people in the East have heard of the remarkable research work which the University of North Dakota is doing in investigating the pottery clays and lignite fuels of that State. In the field of ceramics alone the University of North Dakota, in the small but thriving city of Grand Forks, showed me, as I saw it in operation, how cultural and vocational education may be successfully combined—a demonstration which is very much needed in some of the older educational centers of the United States. In the little town of Hibbing, on the iron range of northwestern Minnesota, I went through a new high school building which cost over four million dollars and in which one hundred teachers will, it is hoped, eventually supervise the education of three thousand pupils. This case is exceptional for reasons which the limits of space forbid my going into here, but it is at least indicative of the enthusiasm for education in the Northwest. I am not sure but that this enthusiasm has overreached the bounds of sound judgment, for during the last ten years the school district taxes of Minnesota have increased from $11,000,000 to $40,000,000 and in North Dakota from $4,000,000 to $14,000,000.

The subject of taxation naturally leads to that of the agricultural depression, the foreclosures of farm mortgages, and the failures of banks which have led some people in the East to think that the States of North and South Dakota and Montana are on their last legs and tottering into a region of wilderness. Nothing can be further from the truth. My own observations of the fertile fields, the green and waving crops, the well-built silos, and the signs of activity everywhere are confirmed by a recent report of Mr. John H. Rich, the Chairman of the Board of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis. He says: "Failures, abandonment of land, foreclosures, and other results of depression and distress in this area have been given an emphasis out of proportion to their importance." No doubt the farmers of the Northwest are suffering. But the causes of their economic illness have been diagnosed and they are beginning to realize that the cure is not to be found in quack political remedies.

There are really two main causes of the economic depression—one-crop farming and the overextension of easy credits. The farmers of the Northwest have depended too much on wheat, just as the farmers of the South have depended too much on cotton. The remedy for this situation is the diversification of crops. The one-cropper, especially in wheat, works violently during the planting season and the harvesting season, and is often tempted to loaf some of the rest of the time. If his one crop fails, he fails too. I heard of one North Dakota farmer who declines to keep cows "because they have to be milked every day." Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty. By the same token daily work is the price of prosperity.

The unwise expansion of credits is clearly shown by the fact that when the price of wheat collapsed two or three years ago North Dakota had a bank for every 768 individuals of its population, while Michigan, for instance, had a bank for only every 5,000 of its population, and the average for the United States was a bank for every 3,500 of the population. It is thus evident that North Dakota had five times as many banks as were necessary. No wonder that they encouraged the farmers to borrow, and no wonder that some of them failed. The obvious lesson is well stated by a farmer of Liberty County in Montana, who said: "Debts have hurt us worse than dry weather. Next time I'm out of debt you'll never catch me getting in again."

In brief, the Northwest, which is splendidly endowed by nature, is suffering from the economic headache that

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follows an economic spree of wasteful expenditure and reckless taxation. Sometimes I wonder if the entire country is not in the same pathological condition. This condition is not incurable. The remedy, however, is not doses of political tonics and stimulants, but a simple diet of efficiency and economy. The Northwest is convalescent and is, I think, inclined to try this diet. Who knows but that it may get well before the rest of us do!

Campaign Gold and Guff

Special Correspondence from Washington

By STANLEY FROST

FROM now until election day and for a time thereafter we shall be called on to give much attention to the evils of big campaign funds. The discussion has already started, and will become more and more vociferous. We shall be warned that wealth is trying to buy the country, be asked to view with horror the large sums spent, be called upon to castigate—with our votes—those who countenance these things. On the other hand, we shall be told that the laws give ample protection, that campaign funds are carefully audited so that no corruption is possible, that only the purest motives prompt the generous gifts, and that the objectors object merely because they could not get as much for themselves.

Tinsel Virtue

MOST of this talk will be pure guff. The virtue will be about as flimsy as the vice. In fact, about the biggest single mess of hokum which we shall be called on to swallow during the campaign will be on this matter of campaign funds. It may be safely predicted that when it is all over we shall have gained practically nothing either for honesty in elections or toward a solution of the problem.

Yet this spending of millions at each election is a great problem and a very great evil. The trouble with the campaign shouters is that they hardly touch either the real evil or the real problem. Not that there is not some sincerity among them, but there is not much. Mostly the noise is unadulterated politics.

Largely because of this the things that have been done toward the curbing of the evil are pitifully ineffective. The Federal laws and Senate inquiries reach only a very small part of the trouble, and reach it very feebly. Even the most drastic of the new reforms offered is hardly better. The best that can be said of the campaign fund reform movement so far is that it has gone about as far as either the public or the politicians care to have it. That is saying little. It is true that the public is distressed by the situation, true too that most politicians would be glad to change it. But real reform has been impossible because the politicians themselves, including as chief culprits some of the noisiest demanders of purity, have so steadily befogged the real conditions.

What Brands of Corruption Have We?

THE carefully foisted popular misconception about campaign funds begins at the very beginning, with the kind of evil such funds do. We are told over and over again that they "buy elections," "corrupt the voters," and "debauch the Nation." They sometimes do this, to be sure, but most politicians know that this is a comparatively minor evil, and is not chargeable at all to the campaign funds which are in sight and which they talk about. The power of money to buy elections is strictly limited by public interest in the elections.

But this does not mean that the big campaign funds are any less evil. They may fairly be considered the worst sore in our politics to-day, the source of the largest part of the chicanery, misgovernment, and favoritism with which we are cursed. They strike deeply against the stability of our Government itself, for they have come to be an actual bribery of whole parties. This is far worse even than the bribery of any official or group of officials, for, whichever party happens to be running the Government, it will be under heavy obligations to the men who footed its campaign bills. No one doubts that those obligations are paid, and the knowledge of this traffic in Government favors does more than any other thing to destroy confidence and paralyze patriotism.

It is not necessary to assume that all contributors to campaign funds are trying to buy favors. On the contrary, the great majority of them are beyond question sincere, patriotic, and unselfish.

"To talk as if every one who gave a dollar to a campaign fund were crooked is abominable," Secretary Lockwood, of the Republican National Committee, said to me. "There is every reason why men should give. The prosperity of the country, its honor and safety and its future development, are all likely to depend on which party wins. Every good citizen ought to do his share toward helping the party he believes in, and he ought to be safe from slander when he does. It is all bosh to say that a man can't give, and give big amounts, without some vicious motive. Men give to churches, charities, and causes of all kinds. There is no earthly reason why they shouldn't give for patriotic politics."

Gifts with Strings

THIS is true as far as it goes. But it overlooks the fact that when a big gift is made there may be an obligation implied, though none may be expressed. Party managers would not be human if they did not feel that obligation, and rich men would not be human if they did not take advantage of it. To be sure, many of the big gifts are for considerations of personal advantage or prestige which may or may not do damage. But there are many other gifts made with an eye to some favor in a law (like the tariff) or a contract or for a little administrative blindness, or even as a speculation against unknown emergencies. It is hard to believe that any patriotic desire for the future of the country prompts gifts to both parties, such as Harry Sinclair so shamelessly avowed.

This fact of obligations incurred through campaign funds is true of either party, and is equally true whether the funds are big or little. So in actual practice the evil is non-partisan, even though the Republicans' funds have usually been from two to four times as large as the Democrats'. Here is the second misconception which has been fostered, for the loudest complaints come from the Democrats, and we are asked to believe that the sin is a Republican monopoly, which would be true if the object of the funds was to buy votes. Proof of the

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insincerity of these partisan pleas can be found in places like New York and Chicago, where the Democrats are in position to raise large sums. There they are the ones with the money, and by the same token the Republicans seize upon virtue and complain of corruption!

The truth is that each party will use all it can get and get all it can. The party which falls behind can be depended upon to set up a cry of outraged righteousness, hoping thus to offset the other's cash. Fortunately for the country, these hypocritical protests do, in a measure, keep the evil in bounds.

Non-Partisan Buncombe

THE conspiracy of buncombe has been non-partisan, too. It is not likely that any politician can ever tell the whole truth. Politicians are usually trying to hurt the other party, and the whole truth would hurt both about equally; hurt them badly, too. Then, no politician knows much of the truth except about his own party. The truth about his opponents is carefully hidden, and no decent politician wishes to make charges for which he cannot offer plausible color. Finally, one will not befoul his own nest more than a little, and there are few who have not been tarred. The most exalted reformers are in one box with the rest in this, as witness the great sums spent in some of La Follette's campaigns. But mostly the reason for the bunkum is that the campaign-fund agitation comes usually from men who think they can win some partisan advantage or can claim some pleasing appearance of virtue. The truth is not wanted for either purpose.

Perhaps it is because of a feeling that the problem is too befogged for intelligent handling, or perhaps it is because we as a nation have got into the habit of letting politics run itself and yelling only after the damage has been done, that the public is so indifferent. It is certain that it is so, and does almost nothing to support the attempts at reform which are made. This has been tested over and over again when efforts have been made to get the public itself to finance campaigns and thus cure all the evils in one bundle. These efforts never succeed. The latest and most ambitious was made by Will Hays. He sent out a small army of men who had won great success in the war-time drives, and he proved that it cost nearly eighty cents on the dollar to raise money that way! Yet there is no political question where there is greater need of an active public opinion, based on full understanding.

This article is an attempt to give such a basis. Yet it must be admitted that it is impossible to give many exact facts. They are too carefully kept under cover. They are the trade secrets of the politicians. It is only at odd times, in Pullman smokers, or across dinner tables, or late of nights when violation of the Volstead Act has been prolonged and successful, that the stories begin to come out. Some of them are fiction, some mere braggadocio. It is almost never possible to get names, places, and dates. Yet on the whole these stories are so much alike, and it is so often possible to verify parts of them, that in time one gains a fairly definite picture. That picture is startling.

To get at an understanding of the place of money in politics let us begin at the end and see how it is used. The first fact to be noted is that there is a legitimate use for really large sums if any campaign is to have much chance of success. The cost of primaries, the need of getting one's case before the voters, the increase in the number of voters since woman suffrage, the details of organization—all these have made the requirements staggering.

Where the Money Goes

IMMENSE sums may be spent in activities which are beyond question. There are rental of offices and pay of workers in them, shocking telegraph, telephone, and postage bills, pay and expenses for traveling organizers, pay for hosts of local workers, and on election day the heavy cost of "getting out the vote" by providing transportation, checking the voting lists, prodding the negligent, and hiring watchers at the polls. All this is virtually routine, but absolutely necessary if the party is to cast a full vote and see that it gets an honest count. The total cost is enormous.

This is only part. There is the cost of propaganda or education. This is necessary, too, if the party is to have a fair hearing; it is actually a valuable part of the political education of the country. Yet it, too, costs enormously. Remember that a National campaign ought to reach some 30,000,000 voters, that a single letter to each would cost above $1,000,000, and that a vigorous campaign calls for several letters, with copies of speeches, platforms, etc. This could quite properly run to fifty cents a voter —$15,000,000—even without the least waste. Then there is the cost of speakers, bands, halls, parades, and all the paraphernalia for the manufacture of morale and enthusiasm. A good many millions may easily be spent not only blamelessly but usefully.

This is not to say that all campaign money is so spent; no one at all familiar with politics but knows that there is an immense amount of corruption, though less than in the good old days. Little of it now is in the actual buying of votes. Much is done by hiring as "workers" men who would as willingly work for the other party, by placing contracts where they will do the most good and making them fat, by needless but plausible expenses of all kinds. Perhaps this cannot even be called corruption, and certainly it is not reached by law. But it is effective.

Another lot of money goes for corruption of election machinery. Even this is often not direct bribery. A story illustrating the methods used came to me recently in a State where each faction prepares its own primary ballots. There is a district which had long been hostile to the county bosses, and they finally offered a worker $200 if he could turn it over. He did; yet they saw no activity. After he had been paid, they asked about it.

"It was easy," he said. "I joined their gang. Of course they wouldn't trust me, but I hung around till they brought in their ballots, all folded and ready to distribute. I'd had some printed that looked like the regular ones, but carried our slate. All I did was to switch the bundles."

The employment of repeaters, of strong-arm men to drive voters away from the polls, and the direct purchase of votes are becoming comparatively rare, though still done in some places.

In fact, only a fraction of the total cost of any campaign actually appears on the official reports. And this is the cream of the campaign-fund bunk, for the whole assumption that underlies the current discussion, even by most of the agitators, is that the official reports do give a real picture of the situation. No more dangerous perversion of truth is being foisted on America to-day.

The perversion is of two kinds. In the first place, the campaign funds on which reports are made cover only a part of the ground, and a small part. They are made by the National, Senatorial, Congressional, and State committees of the big parties and the leading candidates. Yet the amounts spent by the minor local organizations and candidates reach a far greater total. In the second place, even these impressive reports do not show the whole of the funds used, nor do they give any valuable or complete information as to where the money comes from or where it goes.

These reports are required by law, under prescribed forms. They give a name and amount for each gift, another name and amount for each expenditure. They ought to reveal much, but actually

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tell so little that one is driven to the suspicion that the men who framed them did not intend that they should be worth anything. They do give some information, but it is so incomplete and meaningless as to be valueless.

The Truth but Not the Whole Truth

In the 1920 campaign, for example, the reports show that the Republican National Committee received $5,319,729.32 and the Democratic National Committee $1,318,274.02. They give the names of those who contributed. But they do not show that the Republicans had a deficit of $1,600,000 and the Democrats of $300,000. These deficits were made up after the election, and there is no official report on the donors. This, obviously, leaves wide scope for sculduggery.

But this is only the beginning of the bluff at giving the facts. The list of donors is a joke. Few large gifts are shown, because the large gifts can be concealed by the simple system of dividing them and having the parts ascribed to different men. Often the names of the biggest givers do not appear at all. Moreover, the list of expenditures is another joke. It is probable that in fact there is not a single improper expenditure charged to these funds—as will be shown, there are other ways of handling such expenditures—but the accounts leave plenty of opportunity for any fraud. They should show how much was spent for each important purpose, such as telephones, office rent, etc., but all they do show is a list of vouchers, often with nothing to indicate the purpose for which the voucher was drawn. There is no summary or analysis such as the poorest business man would demand; nothing to give any real information about where the money went.

The biggest joke of all is that big sums—probably the biggest sums—spent during the campaign do not appear in the reports at all. From the records, and by adding the known deficits, it is possible to get some figures on the total cost of the 1920 campaign. These show, for the combined funds as reported by the National, Senatorial, Congressional, and State committees, a total of $9,700,738 for the Republicans and $2,537,750 for the Democrats. There should be added $2,980,033 spent by various candidates for the Presidency in the pre-convention campaigns. The sum is $15,218,521. It seems enough. Yet conservative politicians estimate the actual cost at anywhere from $150,000,000 to $500,000,000.

This enormous total is made up mostly from comparatively small items. There were, in the first place, the primary and pre-convention expenses of many thousands of candidates for offices from dog-catcher to governor all over the country. There were the campaign expenses of not quite so many thousand nominees. There were the expenses of county and district committees, and of organizations in every township, village, and city. No one of these is very great, but because there are so many the total is far beyond the total of the recorded funds.

Moreover, if gossip and the stories told by politicians have any truth, the biggest expenditures of all were never listed, never even passed through the hands of the committees. There was a sample of this form of evasion shown in the Newberry hearings, which revealed that in his campaign many thousands had been spent by friends personally. They hired workers, bought advertising space, sent out literature, organized clubs, financed parades, did a hundred things that cost money, but all at their own expense. There can be no doubt that the same thing is done in every campaign everywhere. "Friends" of candidates take over personally the handling of parts of the work, and finance it by means which are never reported; there is nothing but suspicion to show the real origin of the funds they use. It seems possible that the official campaign managers know something about this, since the free-lance work always seems to fit in, but they do not know enough to put it into their reports. Thus the law is observed—and the money spent.

A Fake Cure for a Real Evil

Worst of all, it is in this way that the actual corruption is paid for. It is doubtful whether the campaign managers or candidates ever know anything about this officially, except that they may be asked to send around some "safe" man. The "friend" and the "safe" man do the rest, and through them the money eventually gets to the places where it will talk most effectively. This is criminal, of course, and there are laws against it. But it is not connected with the official campaign funds, and when orators talk as if campaign-fund reform would cure this evil they are selling gold bricks.

No one can do more than guess as to the actual amounts of money spent; not even the worst corruptionist or the best-informed political bushwhacker knows much outside a limited area. It goes without saying that no one has ever compiled totals. Every politician with whom I have discussed the subject admits without hesitation that the actual total is far above the $15,000,000 shown; most of them guess that the official statements tell about ten per cent of the truth. Their estimate is, naturally, based on what each knows of conditions in his own territory, and I am inclined to accept it as fair. No one guessed at a lower total cost than $150,000,000, but some guessed far higher and one as high as $500,000,000.

Let it stand at $150,000,000, however. That is enough to give an insight into the real danger and the real problem.

Panaceas that Offer no Hope

As remedies we have so far nothing more than the laws already described. They are better than nothing, probably, but they do not give effective supervision of even the big funds, and the supervision is increasingly mythical as we get down the line to the smaller political units, where the real money is spent.

Further remedies are being offered. There is no need of charging insincerity to demonstrate the childishness of most of them. Mr. Bryan has recently suggested a ten-cent tax on all voters, the proceeds to be divided between the parties. One difficulty with this scheme is that it would cost more than the amount of the tax to collect it. Another suggestion has been that the Government defray the cost of campaigns, a scheme that would insure unfairness to any new political movement. There is certainly no easy solution in sight; about all that can be said is that election purity is rather less easy to enforce than is the Volstead Act, but that it will be improved slowly by stopping one leak after another.

But for the present campaign the evil is great and constant, both of the subtle bribery of the great parties in the Nation and the States, and of direct and raw corruption farther down the line. The laws give practically no protection against it. It is one more case where only eternal vigilance has any value, and to vigilance must be added equally eternal protest and effective resentment wherever even the suspicion of wrong appears.

There is no doubt that in this, as in all other things, the politicians will submit to public opinion as soon as it becomes clear and effective. Indeed, they would be glad to be free, would be glad to have the use of big funds punished if the punishment could fall equally on all, but so long as they are in politics they will use whatever methods will succeed. So the campaign-fund evil will not be cured till we, the public, change the conditions of political success.

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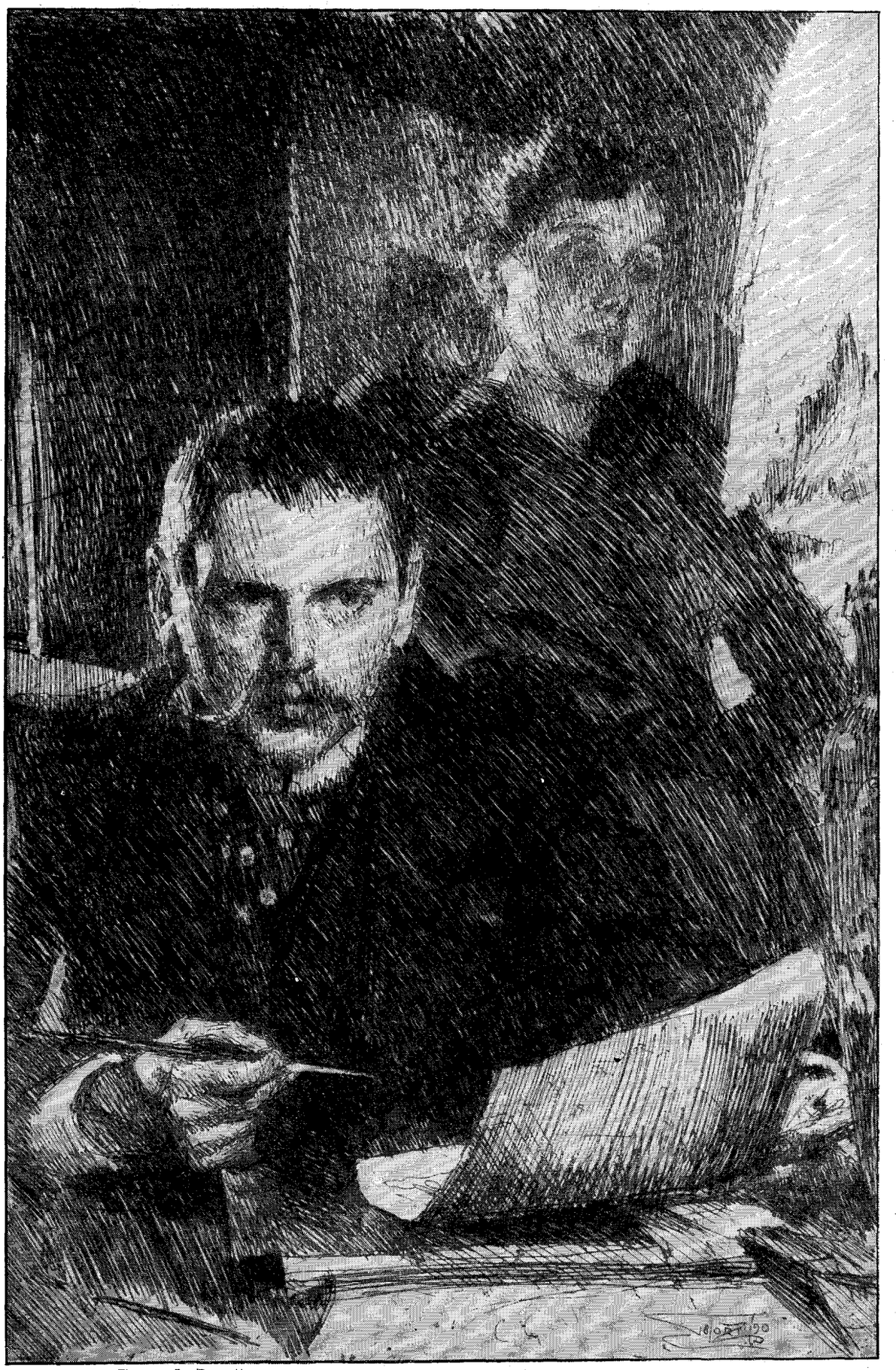
Portraits of



Courtesy of Dr. Thomas L. Bennett

Anders Zorn and his wife, by himself

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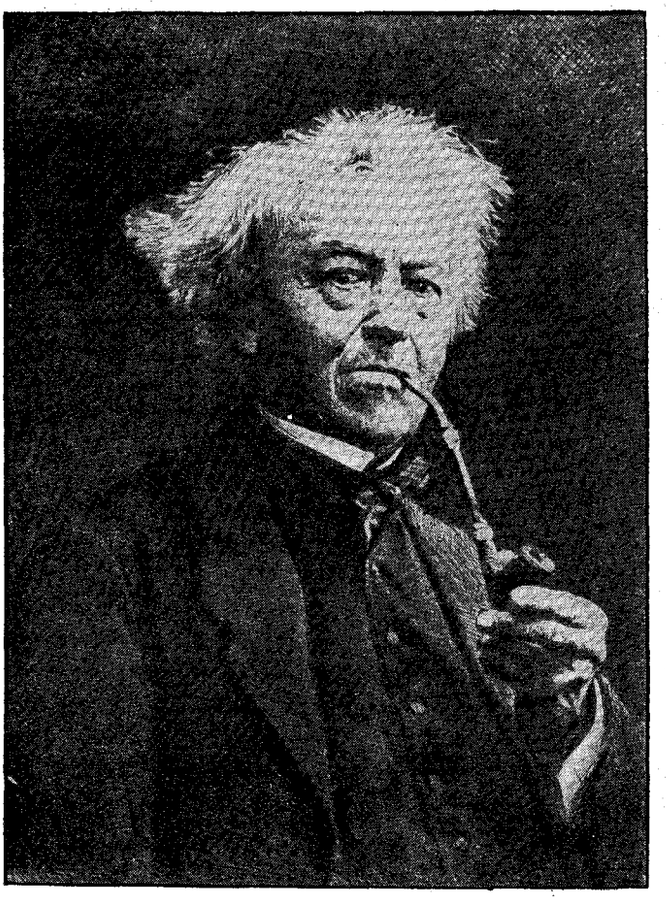
Print-Makers

Charles Meryon, by L. Flameng

Here are a few selections from the portraits of celebrated artists who have etched, engraved, or drawn on the lithographic stone, now on exhibition in the Print Gallery of the New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. The portraits are exclusively "prints," in the form of etchings, lithographs, steel and copper engravings, etc. Many are self-portraits, others are by artists scarcely less distinguished than those who are depicted. Their arrangement by countries and periods gives a comprehensive view of many of the outstanding figures in the world of art during four centuries



J. B. C. Corot, by M. Desboutin

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Mussolini, Dictator for the People

Special Correspondence to The Outlook from Rome

By CHARLES W. HOLMAN

MAY DAY in Italy this year passed without riot or bloodshed. Not a strike occurred; not even a Socialist demonstration. Italian citizens went about their business in their customary way. In Rome peace and somnolence reigned. That night gayly dressed natives and tourists mingled on the streets, occupying all the little street tables in front of the cafés. Toward midnight groups of young fellows with mandolins and guitars amused themselves by serenading the public in the Piazza del Popolo, the ancient scene of popular gatherings.

Two years ago it was different. Sullen crowds gathered in the streets of Italian cities, clashing with the Fascisti bands, while the police looked on in impotent inaction. Shops were shuttered for fear of looting. May Day strikes throttled local and national transportation, and even the electric lights of many cities were shut off. In the country districts Communist laborers refused to milk the cows or work in the fields. Red flags were raised in rural communes and excited revolutionaries sang till their throats were sore.

This transition from turbulence to quietude, from a nation torn with class warfare to one of tranquillity and order, was the work of one man—Benito Mussolini. In him to-day all Italian power rests; his policy is Italy's policy, and all Italy looks to him to complete the task he has assumed of rebuilding Italian prosperity and prestige. The new Parliament is dominated by the Fascisti, who received five million out of a total of seven million votes cast in the April general election.

The position of the farmer under the new régime is of particular importance, for the heart of Italian political policy will always be found in the relation of the people to the land. The density of population in Italy is nearly double that of France. Over 40,000,000 people are congregated on a peninsula of about the same area as the State of California. Much of the land is mountainous, other areas are deficient in water supply, and yet fully fifty-five per cent of the population must subsist mainly upon rural pursuits. In the fruit-growing mountain regions the holdings are frequently too small to support their tillers; these holdings will run from one-tenth of an acre to two acres per head of a family. Sometimes the family cultivating such holdings are owners, in other cases they are renters. To supplement the family income all working members will work for wages at such occupations as the community may offer. In the valleys between the mountains running down to the sea or in the flat country inland the units of ownership are larger, but the estates are leased to tenants and the ancient latifundia are still operated under individual management with wage labor.

Viewed nationally, the land area of Italy is not sufficient to support the present population, although internal improvements can materially increase the output of the farms. But even then the rate of production increase is scarcely likely to keep pace with the rate of population increase, which is now sending more than one million emigrants from Italy each year. Of these about 600,000 are supplied by the Italian rural communities.

And yet love of the land is one of the strongest traits of these people. The desire to own a bit of Italy is often the spur to emigrate. The husband will go away, leaving his wife and children in the home village, sending home regularly his savings. His wife hoards these remittances until they become large enough to enable the family to buy a bit of land. During that time she manages to live by her own labor and proudly tells her neighbors about the progress of their venture. On his return they purchase the holding on which their hopes have been set for years, and live the balance of their lives in a sweeter peace under the sunny skies of their native land. This passionate attachment to the land affords some explanation for recent disturbances and the resulting policies of Mussolini and his Fascisti. But to understand even the farm problem one must have a perspective on the whole of recent happenings in Italy.

Italy is one of the youngest of the big modern nations. In 1870 the Franco-Prussian War enabled her people to throw off the Austrian yoke and merge eighteen independent principalities into a united kingdom. To develop a spirit of nationalism among people accustomed to a decentralized political life was in itself no small problem. But the new nation had to face a depleted treasury, lack of inland transportation, absence of coal deposits, and the disadvantage of having trade communications with the outside world controlled by other Powers; England held the Straits of Gibraltar and Turkey the Dardanelles.

For fifteen years Italy groped her way; then her people entered upon an era of hydroelectric power development, which partially offset the lack of coal. Here the many small torrential streams could be put to use, and this type of power has resulted in a more general distribution of industrial development throughout northern and central Italy than occurs in most countries where industrial activities tend to become restricted to certain regions. Railway building and a large number of state highways also contributed to the advance of this region. But in that part of Italy south of Rome, notably Sicily, much remains to be done.

By 1912, however, Italy had reached her peak point of prosperity. Then came war troubles. In 1911 her troubles with Turkey had been expensive. In 1914 public opinion was divided

To-day Italy, having indorsed Mussolini and Fascism at the polls by a vote of two to one, is distraught by Communist charges that Matteotti, an opposition member of the Italian Parliament, has been murdered by Fascist adherents. Neither murder nor conspiracy has been proved.

Those who wish to know how Mussolini gained ascendency and how he used it will find the story here told.

An editorial on another page discusses the newly developed crisis in Italy growing out of the Matteotti affair.

Next week The Outlook will publish an authorized statement by Mussolini to its correspondent, Mr. Holman, as to the Fascist farming policy and programme.

—THE EDITORS.

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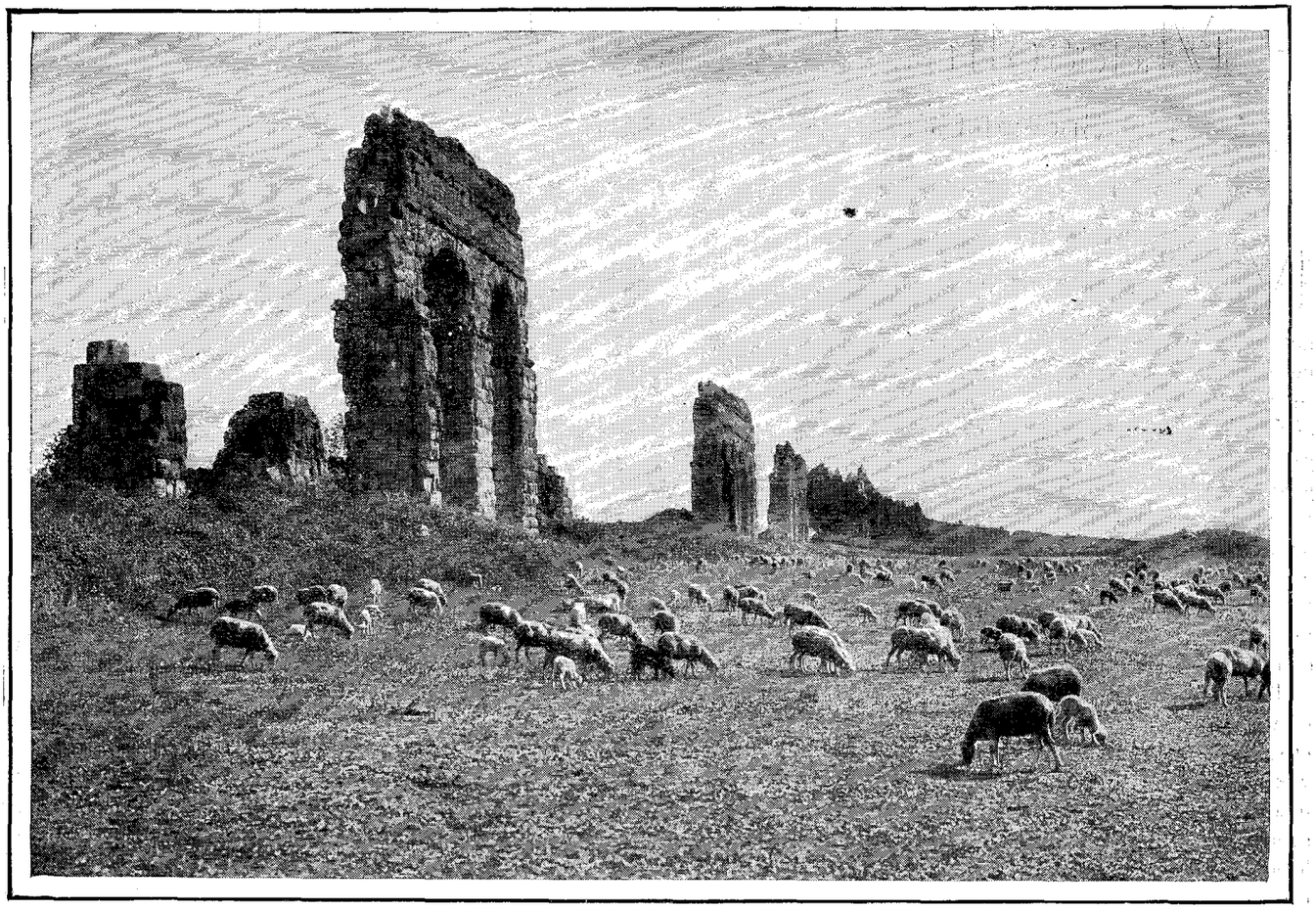

Roman ruins are interesting to the tourist, but the modern Italian finds the pasturage within their shadow more profitable to his purpose of making a livelihood

and bitter over the question of Italy entering the war on the side of the Allies. This internal struggle was intensified by the growth of Socialist sentiment, on the one hand, and the fact that for two or three decades Italian industries had owed much to German finance and leadership. At the outset of the war the largest banking institution in Italy was dominated by Germans, although the bank was Italian in name and its stock was held principally by Italians. Likewise the German plan of capturing trade by holding out the bait of long-time credit had succeeded in Italy as it had in Russia.

The radical wing of the Italian Socialist movement was growing stronger; this wing adhered to the Marxian principles of economic determinism, the doctrine of the class struggle, and the international solidarity of classes. The Socialists had many adherents among both urban and rural workers. Many of the rural Socialists had organized themselves into co-operative land-renting societies; others had amalgamated into unions which dealt with agricultural wage questions. They were opposed to the war and formed an element obstructive to its conduct.

At that time Mussolini was a Socialist and edited a party paper at Milan known as "Avanti" (Forward). But he had never been a strict believer in simon-pure Marxism. He had had many intra-party controversies and had fought several duels. He now split with his party, urged joining the Allies, and later enlisted as a private soldier, fighting with distinction until he became severely wounded. That was the beginning of a big change in Mussolini's own thinking; he began to think in terms of nationalism and of class co-operation instead of class struggle.

In the war Italy lost about 600,000 men and had nearly 1,500,000 wounded. At the Peace Conference she sustained a wounded national pride and a material disappointment, having hoped to be given additional territory which was Italian in population although under other flags. She had already lost many of her export markets; her national debt was greatly increased and the value of her lira had depreciated.

At home the general outcry fanned the flames of social discontent. The Socialists took advantage of the situation and preached the fallacy of patriotism and the foolishness of military service. The Italian temperament responded to this state of affairs in its own dramatic way. Patriotism became popular among some, who followed d'Annunzio to Fiume. Anti-patriotism became the rage among others, who hooted the military and practiced the doctrine of conscripting the other fellow's property. Meantime many ex-soldiers, rendered occupationless by the war, joined the ranks of the discontented.

Then occurred a most astounding series of strikes. Hotel waiters struck against the principle of receiving tips, but travelers obtained no relief; the hotel owners arranged to have the tips added to the bills of their guests. Electric-light workers would shut off the lights. Tram lines stopped service for lack of workers. Communists seized some factories and tried to operate them. Railway employees often refused to take out trams if they saw a soldier among the passengers, the feeling of the Communists against the military had become so intense.

In the country districts violence was frequent. The agricultural laborers and the farmers were at odds. The laborers insisted upon an eight-hour day and higher wages. Burning of farm buildings was a frequent occurrence, and instances of greater use of force were by no means uncommon.

Between the Armistice and the end of 1921 a series of rural invasions occurred. Bands of laborers, some ex-soldiers, some small tenants, organized and marched through the country districts, seizing land which belonged to absentee landlords. These people formed themselves

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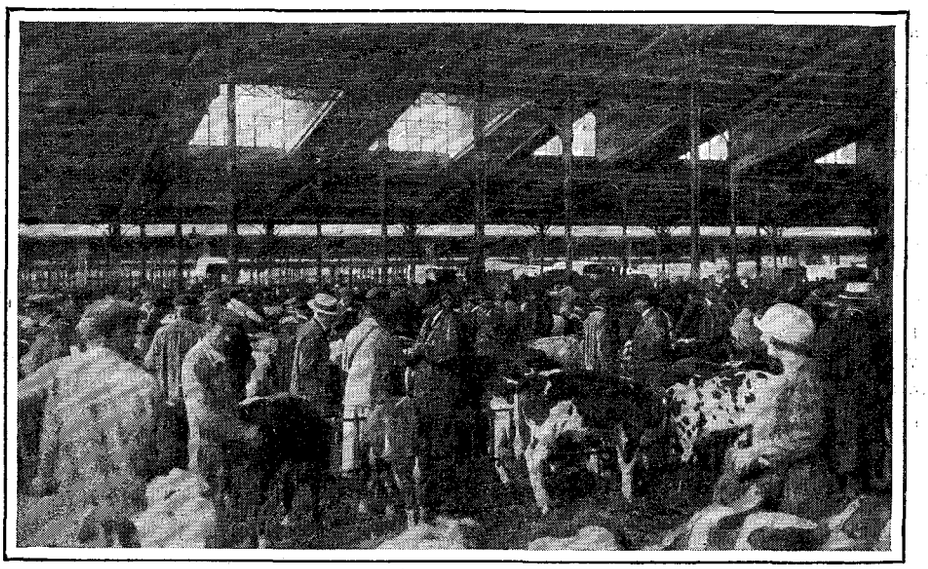
into loose associations for the conduct of such land as they had seized and refused to be removed. In all about 15,000 persons actually "squatted" on farm property amounting to over 100,000 acres. Acts of this character reached their climax near Molinnella, Italy, where a group of these people, under the leadership of a radical named Massarenti, seized lands and proclaimed a Communist state. They chose their own laws, among which was one legalizing divorce, a thing unknown under Italian civil and sacerdotal codes. Acts of this character were not prohibited by the police, and the Parliament went so far as to pass a series of laws providing a means whereby the occupiers of the lands seized could effect title by a process of gradual payment to the dispossessed landlords. In time, lack of capital and lack of intelligent farm management caused most of these efforts to fail; but their very existence showed the state of mind of the rural population.

During this period Parliament was split into several parties and no Premier had a sufficiently strong backing to enable him to take the whip hand. But opposing forces were forming. The extremes to which the internationalists had gone caused a reaction whose disjointed ends Mussolini was to put together. He had recovered from his wounds, and founded a new paper through which he enunciated a new set of principles. Many young men rallied to his standards and property-owners in both town and country districts gave him financial backing.

In March of 1919 Mussolini formed at Milan the first unit of what was later to become the National Fascist Party. Fascismo as voiced by Mussolini stood for the negation of historic and religious materialism; the idealism of patriotism; co-operation among classes instead of class struggles; and the idea which in America had many advocates under the slogan of "Less government in business and more business in government."

The name of the party was taken from the old Latin word to designate the bundle of sticks which the Lictors of Rome carried. It was the emblem of authority. The black shirt was evidently a faint remembrance of the red-shirted days of Garibaldi. But the Fascisti could not wear red shirts, because the Communists had pre-empted that color, while Fascismo stood for a return to a more efficient state of things as they are. In its structure the organization was trained and commanded by some of the ablest ex-army officers of the World War, while most of its members had seen military service. Such was the force which Mussolini built up and which was to put him at the head of Italian affairs.



An agricultural fair in Italy—The Fascisti are stimulating these fairs and other similar educational mediums, to help the farmers

As the Fascisti gained in strength they took issue with strikers and Socialists. The Fascisti made it their especial business to see that industrial and agricultural production continued; they broke many strikes by furnishing labor from their own ranks.

The funeral of Totti illustrates the demoralized pre-Fascisti conditions. Totti was a cripple who had served in the war with distinction and had been killed. He was buried where he fell; but in May of 1922 it was determined to bring his body to Rome for a state funeral. The Fascisti organized the ceremonies. As the cortège was getting well under way scores of Communists thrust rifles out of shuttered up-story windows and a shower of bullets spattered the coffin and wounded many of the marchers.

There was also a period of reprisals. The revolutionaries were assassinating so many Fascisti leaders that the Fascisti found it advisable to publish in principal revolutionary centers lists of proscribed revolutionaries. The idea was that these lists would mark the order of reprisal killings. After a few Communist leaders had thus lost their lives attempts to assassinate Fascisti leaders stopped altogether.

In October of 1922 Mussolini and his followers marched into Rome. The ruling Government capitulated without a struggle. Shortly afterward Parliament voted him all powers and dissolved. Since then Mussolini has been dictator of Italy.

As a dictator he has been firm but kind, even benevolent. He has settled many troublesome class questions by umpiring conferences between opposing factions. On the subject of work, however, he has been insistent. Italy had plenty of work for all, he said; beggary must stop when beggars were able-bodied; strikes must give way to peaceful adjustments. In carrying out such a programme he found it necessary to scrap a number of existing agencies, such as the Red labor unions, and to set up a new machinery. What was done in agriculture illustrates his policy.

Mussolini abrogated the laws which had legalized the acts of the land squatters and put a check to indiscriminate granting of Government money to co-operative associations, holding that genuine co-operation is essential to the best interests of the country, but that over-nursing of co-operation by a governmental body was not in the best interests of the co-operative movement.

In the realm of general agricultural relationships Mussolini made a startling departure. He promoted the organization of the National Corporations of Agriculture. This body has three departments, each autonomous, to represent, respectively, the agricultural laborers, the tenant farmers, and the landholders of Italy. Through its machinery the vexatious question of farm wages has been amicably adjusted, and agricultural leases have been arranged to stand for five years. This organization undertakes many matters of arbitration; it works for the general advancement of Italian agriculture, and its heads claim that it has about one million members. It is constantly consulted by the Government in matters of interest to agriculture.

Production first, was his slogan. A country that must import and still has available farming land that is not efficient should provide for internal reconstruction. His Government then made it possible for a vast programme of good roads, irrigation, and drainage works to be undertaken. Under this plan, protected by special taxation, the Government expects to sponsor forty billion lire of internal improvements.

Rural education was the next provis-

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ion. The Fascisti hold that increased production requires highly skilled producers. So a great increase in extension education has come about, and with it some fundamental improvements in the elementary and secondary educational institutions available to the farm children.

Under Mussolini the rural districts have become quiet. In the year preceding his assumption of power 43,309 farm workers went out in 37 strikes, losing 443,598 working days. In the first year of his rule there were only two strikes, involving 350 men and a loss of 850 days of work. A similar improvement has taken place in industry. At present the Italian farmer is relatively better off than the American farmer, since the buying power of his products is higher when measured in terms of comparative price indexes of farm and urban commodities. Under Mussolini the Government's fiscal position has improved; the lira has been more or less stabilized at about 22 to the American dollar; ambitious plans are under way for internal improvements of all kinds.

But what of the future?

Is a benevolent dictatorship the answer to Italy's problem of government? Will Mussolini help Italy provide for a more stable government policy on a wider extension of democratic power; or will he, like so many other powerful souls, go ahead in the confidence of his own strength and his own ability to help his country?

It is too early to say, and I suspect that Mussolini himself is too busy with immediate questions to bother his head about the future.

Platforms of the People

What the College Student Thinks

ONE hears much about radicalism in our colleges. The idea that the college man is a freethinker in politics has come to be accepted as a fact and a good thing for the country.

In college the young man is bound by few of the economic fetters which serve to dominate the thoughts of most of us on the outside. During his collegiate life he plays the rôle of a disinterested observer. Mentally he is a free agent. He may fashion creeds and set up political gods at will, without the awful responsibility of trying them out in real life. It matters little whether his gods be true or false.

But it does matter when he leaves college. The degree to which he has succeeded in rejecting false ideas determines his personal success and has a proportionate effect on the welfare of the country. College faculties have found that a student usually changes his ideas between the day of matriculation and graduation. The views of a college senior do not coincide with the views he held during his first two years. That must be remembered in gauging political beliefs among college men, and particularly in the following cross-section of their views on the issues outlined in The Outlook's poll.

Several hundred ballots were distributed among the freshmen and sophomores in thirty classes at Columbia University, students in Government, History, and Contemporary Civilization. The ballots were taken home and marked without class discussion; and therefore may be said to represent individual opinions rather than classroom instruction.

Nearly all the students participating in the poll live in New York City or its environs and are the sons of business and professional men. When one considers that background, some of their views are most interesting. Politically they are divided. A small number term themselves Socialists. The largest number, about forty per cent, are Independents. A third of them are Republicans. The Democrats are in the minority. In several instances a marked difference of opinion exists among those of the various political faiths. The Independents claim to be the most original thinkers and prove it by their votes. While they prove to be the most radical of any group, the Republicans are by all means the most conservative.

In many respects the verdict of the students coincides with that of the others in The Outlook's poll. The Mellon plan is heartily approved by all parties, as are the preparedness measures. Further restriction of immigration and a vigorous conservation policy are indorsed. The bonus and the Ku Klux Klan are strongly condemned.

In matters of foreign policy, however, the student vote diverges sharply from that of other Outlook readers. The Independents join with the Democrats in indorsing the League of Nations. Still, the World Court is acceptable to all parties. Opinion among the Republicans is divided on the Four-Power Treaty principle, but Democrats and Independents unite in condemning it. Sale of arms to foreign governments is condemned. Democrats and Independents favor recognition of Russia. While a fourth of the students ignore the questions of foreign policy as well as the more or less technical questions of transportation and agricultural relief, a majority of them favor strengthening the Monroe Doctrine and oppose the cancellation of foreign debts. Those ideas would hardly be termed radical.

But when it comes to questions of nationalization of industry, they differ with their elders. A majority indorse nationalization of the coal mines, while half the Republicans and large majorities of the others favor similar action with the railways. A surprisingly large number would change the money system by issuing Federal currency based on commodities and labor. Yet they are not very consistent in their radicalism. They vote to arrest the development of bureaucratic power in Washington; and only the Independents would abolish the injunction in labor disputes.

Another interesting fact is disclosed in the student vote. About one-fourth of the Republicans and Independents and nearly half of the Democrats condemn the rigid enforcement of prohibition under the Civil Service. Majorities of each party favor a change in the alcoholic content as now limited by the Volstead Act. It is interesting to bear in mind in this connection the recent statements of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the University, regarding the Prohibition Law. The fact is that the views of these college students coincide with those expressed by similar groups in other Eastern institutions. On the other hand, members of the Faculty point out that the opinion of the under-classmen is not that of the seniors and late graduates, a large number of whom are said to have espoused the cause of prohibition.

With these few exceptions, such as the questions of nationalization and prohibition, we find that the students seem to hold very much the same views as other people, at least on all the more important political issues.

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The Platforms of the People and the Undergraduate Mind

Figures show percentage based on number of ballots received

	REPUBLICAN			DEMOCRATIC			INDEPENDENT		
I—TRANSPORTATION	Approved	Ignored	Condemned	Approved	Ignored	Condemned	Approved	Ignored	Condemned
1. Voluntary consolidation of the railroads.	46	32	22	40	39	21	36	33	31
2. Compulsory consolidation of the railroads	16	32	52	17	36	47	24	33	43
3. Compulsory freight rate reduction	29	38	33	39	37	24	31	47	22
4. Continuance of Esch-Cummins Act	31	61	8	41	52	7	18	60	22
5. Nationalization of the railroads with co-operative administration by workers, shippers, and public	41	17	42	56	22	22	65	15	20
II—AGRICULTURAL RELIEF									
1. Formation of a Federal Grain Export Corporation	33	52	15	39	49	12	33	50	17
2. Federal aid for Farmers' Co-operatives	67	22	11	57	33	10	62	24	14
3. Federal purchase of wheat	10	53	37	10	48	42	16	35	49
4. Price fixing of staple farm products	34	24	42	42	31	27	38	26	36
5. Further extension of farm credits	71	25	4	74	25	1	67	22	11
6. Development of St. Lawrence waterways	64	28	8	62	29	9	59	33	8
III—TAXATION									
1. Reduction of taxes by Mellon plan	85	10	5	69	12	19	52	24	24
2. Reduction of taxes by Garner plan	6	48	46	30	49	21	20	57	23
3. A Federal tax on land held out of use	28	37	35	35	39	26	46	34	20
IV—TARIFF									
1. Continuance of Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law	34	38	28	23	38	39	17	45	38
2. Continuance of flexible provision for revenue only with lowering of tariffs	53	28	19	56	34	10	45	37	18
3. Tariff for revenue only without flexible provision	9	48	43	24	50	26	20	41	39
V—BONUS									
1. Adjusted compensation for all war veterans	15	11	74	34	11	55	27	14	59
VI—PROHIBITION									
1. Rigid enforcement under Civil Service	37	39	24	44	15	41	58	14	28
2. Change in the alcoholic content as now limited by the Volstead Act	51	11	38	75	6	19	55	9	36
VII—GENERAL WELFARE									
1. Equal social, legal, and industrial rights for women	38	37	25	52	17	31	64	13	23
2. An amendment enabling Congress to prevent exploitation of children in industry.	94	4	2	92	7	1	95	4	1
3. Federal Anti-Lynching Law	69	18	13	70	28	2	84	12	4
4. Establishment of a Federal Employment Bureau	74	15	11	81	16	3	75	16	9
VIII—EDUCATION									
1. Extension of principle of Federal aid for education	85	9	6	76	5	19	85	7	8
IX—IMMIGRATION									
1. Registration of aliens	68	23	9	62	31	7	54	30	16
2. Continuance of quota method of restriction	38	39	23	52	19	29	48	20	32
3. Further restriction	60	16	24	51	19	30	38	20	42
4. Less restriction	15	24	61	25	25	50	33	25	42
5. Examination of prospective immigrants at ports of departure	94	5	1	84	12	4	89	9	2

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	REPUBLICAN			DEMOCRATIC			INDEPENDENT		
X—PREPAREDNESS	Approved	Ignored	Condemned	Approved	Ignored	Condemned	Approved	Ignored	Condemned
1. Expansion of Navy to standards set by Conference on Limitation of Armament	75	10	15	74	16	10	47	20	33
2. Extension of Air Service	82	9	9	81	7	12	65	11	24
XI—AIR MAIL									
1. The further development of air mail service	86	9	5	89	7	4	86	11	3
XII—LABOR									
1. Continuance of Railroad Labor Board	67	29	4	65	26	9	53	35	12
2. Abolition of injunctions in labor disputes	14	43	43	30	29	41	43	29	28
3. Nationalization, and democratic administration by technicians, workers, and consumers, of coal mines	38	29	33	49	26	25	62	22	16
4. Federal licensing of private detective agencies	55	30	15	49	45	6	52	37	11
XIII—KU KLUX KLAN									
1. Programme of Klan	15	13	72	9	19	72	5	18	77
XIV—SUPER-POWER									
1. Government control and distribution of high-power transmission	60	28	12	64	19	17	65	17	18
XV—MONEY									
1. Issuing of Federal currency based on commodities and labor	13	46	41	26	43	31	18	52	30
XVI—CONSERVATION									
1. A vigorous conservation policy with extended Federal control over public properties	94	6	0	91	7	2	90	6	4
XVII—MERCHANT MARINE									
1. Sale of Government ships to private owners	48	20	32	41	28	31	38	24	38
2. Operation by Government of Government-owned ships	47	20	33	51	30	19	54	19	27
3. Federal ship subsidy	56	26	18	47	30	23	40	28	32
XVIII—GOVERNMENT REORGANIZATION									
1. Reorganization of the Executive Departments on the lines proposed in President's Annual Message	47	49	4	36	54	10	36	57	7
2. Effort to arrest the development of bureaucratic power	48	41	11	47	42	11	49	39	12
XIX—FOREIGN RELATIONS									
1. League of Nations	28	19	53	56	13	31	47	23	30
2. World Court	66	17	17	46	30	24	59	23	18
3. Hague Tribunal	43	39	18	52	36	12	42	40	18
4. Development of Four-Power Treaty principle	33	31	36	34	37	29	18	39	43
5. Secretary Hughes's present policy:	37	50	13	25	45	30	12	58	30
(*a*) Non-recognition of Russia.	54	17	29	32	21	47	26	11	63
(*b*) Strengthening Monroe Doctrine	66	20	14	52	22	26	43	19	38
(*c*) Sale of arms to foreign governments	22	24	54	15	22	63	17	15	68
(*d*) Unofficial co-operation with foreign commissions	53	22	25	42	23	35	34	24	42
(*e*) Least possible participation	46	20	34	30	25	45	24	20	56
6. Cancellation of foreign debts	15	6	79	6	17	77	17	17	66

The Department of Political Science at Columbia University offered to co-operate with The Outlook in the preparation of an analysis of political opinion among groups of undergraduates. The result was the distribution of The Outlook's ballots for the Platforms of the People in the classrooms of Columbia. The ballots were tabulated at Columbia and the results compiled by The Outlook staff.—THE EDITORS.

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Noon: Amagansett Beach

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

GLORY—glory to God in the highest—and on earth
Glory! The everlasting sun
Has laid his hand upon the harp-string, with the music of his mirth
Heaven and ocean are one chord, in unison.

He has spoken—he has spoken—from his midmost throne
In the blue hollow of noon he has spoken! Heaven has heard
The sound of the song of his shining; he has made known
To listening space his wonder, and revealed his word—

Who sheds his light upon the earth, and upon the dark place,
Light! And upon the waters of the sea,
Light! O Father, pour down thy light upon me—touch my face!
Hallow me, my Father—even me.

Here, where the long ranges of the dunes roll
Their tawny billows to the south and to the north, and against the sky
Flutters the pale sea-grass, fresh is the wind—and the whole
Clear hollow of heaven is full of the wine of thy glory, even as I.

The waves curve upward—they fail—they fall,
Dragging, dragging along the dim sea-reach
The heavy hem of the garment of the waters; rhythmical, rhythmical
Is the rustle of the sea's robe upon the beach.

Along the shallows, along the far shore-line
They burst in thunder and light—where the gray shingles gleam
The tongue of the foam is a tongue of fire: the hollows of the breakers shine,
Darken—and are shattered as a dream.

But out where the further waters have their sleep,
On the pale meadows of ocean, on the barren fields and bare
That the sea-bird wanders, that the sea-wind wanders—on the illimitable Deep,
Silence. The silence of the immensity is like a prayer.

Interminable—interminable—interminable—the void sea,
The many ways, the many waves. In the huge round
Of the sorrowful heavens, in the hushed vacancy,
No voice . . . Vastness without bound.

This is my heart's country. These lonely lands
Are one with my wild, lonely heart; these winds and waves that roam
Old, desolate ways forever—they are one with me—these sterile sands
And bitter waters. Here is my heart's home.

Amid these large horizons and spaces that she loves
My spirit's thought, on lorn adventurings
And inconsolable quests intent, endlessly moves—
And spreads upon the eternal solitude her fleeting wings:

Even as a sea-bird on the changeless, changing
Pale pastures lost, as a sea-bird on the wild waste astray,
Searching the everlasting reaches—failing—faltering—like a sea-bird ranging,
Wandering, wandering the wide way.

. . . . . .

Loneliness—loneliness forever. Dune beyond dune
Stretches the infinite loneliness—pale sand and pale sea-grass,
Pale beaches, mile upon mile. In the immensity of noon
A hawk moves upon the wind. Clouds darken, and pass . . .

The sound of the breathing of the sea is hushed, on the far shore
Her robe lies fallen; the white waves, one by one,
Subside into slumber, and cease into slumber: from the blue vault to the blue floor
Heaven is a shining room filled full of the sun.

He hallows the waters. The benediction of his light is shed
Upon the proud waters. Emerald—turquoise—chrysoprase
Glitter the waters! The garment of his glory is spread
Upon the everlasting waters, upon the everlasting ways.

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Dealing with Feathered Personalities

By R. H. HOWLAND

Do you know your bird neighbors when you see them again? Here is the story of a method of learning the life histories of birds which will add much to human knowledge and delights

"A ROBIN has returned to my garden for three successive summers," remarked the amateur bird student.

"How can you be sure?" asked the ornithologist. "Is there something abnormal in the bird's plumage that distinguishes it from its fellows, something peculiar about its song, or is it just that robins have built a nest in the same spot for three years, and you therefore take it for granted that at least one of the birds has returned each year? Such conclusions are unsatisfactory and open to question."

Only a few years ago any competent bird student would have replied to such a statement in a similar manner, but today the reply would be different. The ornithologist might ask one question to satisfy himself that the statement represented an indisputable fact: "Bird-bander, are you?"

Last year over 25,000 wild birds have been captured, banded, and set free—marked in such a way that if handled later the individual bird can be recognized and a part of its life history thereby revealed. About 900 bird lovers, most of them amateurs, are engaged in the fascinating enterprise of capturing wild birds for the purpose of tagging them. The birds are then released, and, unharmed, go about their business as before, but henceforth they are distinguishable as individuals to the human eye, provided they come in hand again.

Few of us who are laymen have an opportunity to make material contributions to ornithological knowledge. Thanks to the great educational campaigns of the Audubon Societies and similar organizations, we have come to an enlightened recognition of the economic and æsthetic value of birds, and an army of bird lovers has sprung up within the last decade. Bird study is now a popular pastime for the multitude, and many a man, woman, and child has caught the fever of a trip afield in search of feathered friends. Because of this awakened and widespread interest, there has been a consequent increase in the number of ornithologists, and much information has been added to what has been known about birds, but comparatively few "random" bird students have been able to contribute materially to the science of ornithology. But now bird banding, which already has been the instrument to prove many things which heretofore have been but conjecture, can be practiced by any conscientious person

This young sparrow-hawk tumbled down the chimney. Now it wears a ring

who is capable of identifying a bird in the hand, and, while the bird-bander may not have the knowledge to interpret the significance of the results he secures, the facts which he establishes may well become real contributions to science.

On a day in April, 1921, a song-sparrow, attracted by a plentiful supply of seed, entered one of my traps. I tagged it carefully and released it. During the succeeding summer months it used the trap as a sort of auxiliary feeding station, and up to October I had the bird in my hand twenty-nine times. Then it disappeared. It has come back each spring, and altogether, to the date of this writing, I have handled this little wild thing ninety-eight times. How often it has made use of the trap when I was absent and it was free to leave at will we'll not know. Last summer it brought its young into the garden and introduced them to my free-lunch stations, the traps. This bird has become a thing to be hoped for and loved, and while I have been having the enjoyment of handling a little feathered wild thing that shows comparatively little fear of me now, I've also had the satisfaction of knowing that I've helped to prove that birds do return to the exact spot year after year. At the same time I have established a sanctuary (not many traps can be called sanctuaries!) which has been doing its little bit in encouraging the birds about my home and assisting nature to keep them well fed and in good condition.

The migration of birds is a subject which has appealed to the imagination of people generally, and has proved one of the most interesting of ornithological problems. While a great deal is now known concerning the migration and distribution of birds, and much exact information is at hand concerning the movements of species and groups of birds, bird banding promises to disclose much which can be obtained only by securing facts relative to the movements of individual birds. For example, there are the so-called permanent resident species, which are found in a given locality throughout the year. While the species is undoubtedly resident, are the individuals? Bird banding is going to give a definite answer to this and similar questions. An experienced field ornithologist is frequently able to discern a shift in the personnel of the birds about him. An increase in the number of song-sparrows or blue jays, for instance, becomes apparent at certain seasons; there is clearly a movement under way, but the question remains, Are all the individuals joining in this general movement? And if all the individuals of a given species do travel at the change of seasons, how far do they go and how rapidly do they migrate? Where does my faithful song-sparrow reside in the winter; where do my wintering song-sparrows make their summer homes? It

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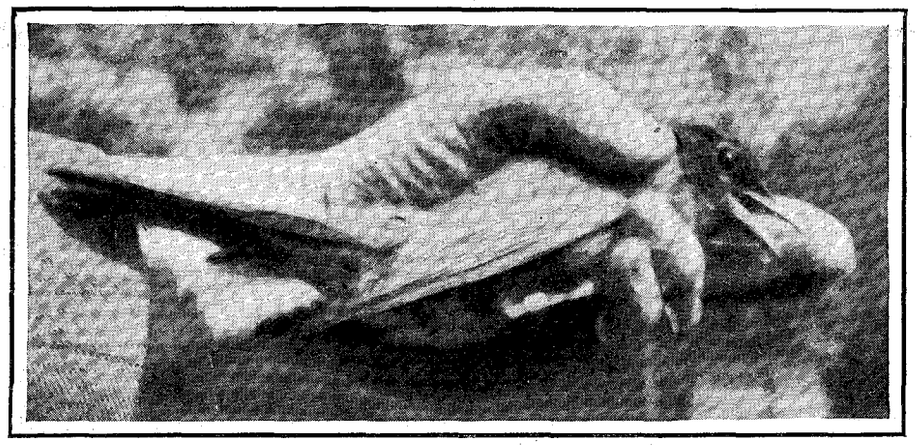


This young robin registers a protest by biting vigorously

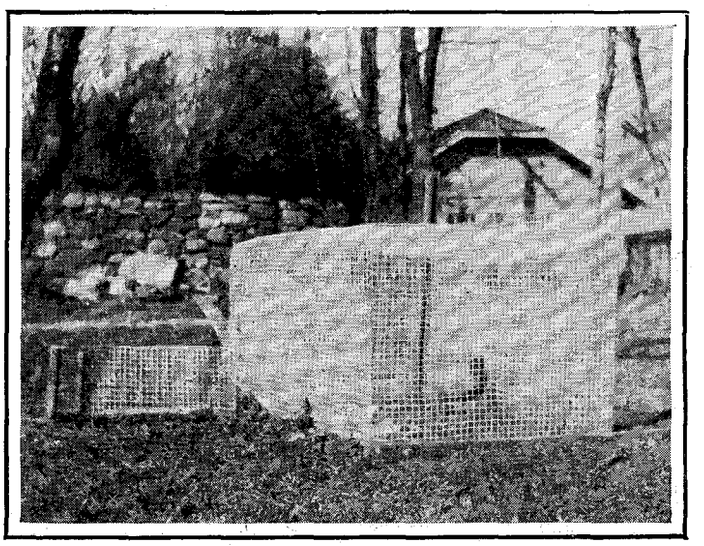
has been supposed that some species virtually play leap-frog during their migrations; that birds summering in the vicinity of New York, for example, may winter in the region of Philadelphia, while those which have spent the summer farther north may migrate considerably farther south than Philadelphia. Through long years of careful research and observation ornithologists have built up many a hypothesis. In several instances bird banding has confirmed what scientists had hitherto supposed. In the case of some species which are known to be wholly migratory and which may travel great distances to and from their summer homes it has been possible to determine by observation almost the exact routes followed by the birds, but, generally speaking, it has not been possible to determine how closely birds adhere to the same routes for their journeys to and fro. Only a vast accumulation of records of individual birds will make it possible to decide such a question.

There are numerous records of birds which have returned to the same spot year after year—in fact, a certain percentage of the adult birds banded may be expected to be recaptured the following year. One cannot fail to ponder for a moment in wonderment that a little feathered creature can find its way back to the same trap after an absence of five months. And there is the chimney swift that returned to nest in the same New Hampshire chimney after journeying as far as Central America or elsewhere in the tropics. It would be of added interest if this bird could have been captured at its winter home, thus establishing the two extremes of its travels. Considerable data have been secured in this respect, as, for instance, a young bluebird banded in New Hampshire and retaken the following winter in Maryland; a young robin banded in Maine taken in Tennessee; a common tern banded in Massachusetts, found dead in West Africa four years later; and a blue-winged teal banded north of western Lake Ontario, shot at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Thus from a few inklings is it possible for us to comprehend something of the importance of bird banding, and what possibilities there are for those who take part in this altogether fascinating pursuit of studying birds as personalities, distinct entities that move about us with an instinct (or will) quite beyond our comprehension!

And indeed the bird-bander soon discovers that birds have a great deal of individuality. The field naturalist has had an opportunity to discover this also, but the bird-bander develops a closer personal relationship with his birds, and they are wont to tell him much about their likes and dislikes, and reveal their individual and specific temperaments in more ways than one. Winter before last a certain white-throated sparrow decided that the trap was a mighty fine institution and made good use of it for three months. In all the sixteen times I had this bird in hand not once did it fail to bite and peck at the hand that for a moment held it captive. Some of its fellows which also used the trap as a source of supplies during most of this same period never so much as took one peck. And the strange part of it all was that even after I would open my hand to release this bird it would lie on its back on my open palm, absolutely free to go, but lingering on to bite some more. The birds will generally lie on the open palm in this way, apparently unaware of the fact that they are free, but no other bird that I have handled has ever gone to the pains that this whitethroat did to give me all the nips possible. Perhaps the birds that do the pecking are females, like some of our human sisters! Occasionally an otherwise docile and quiet individual will either be feeling sort of grump or will muster more courage than is normally its wont, and will take a peck when it never did before.

Some birds show bravery, others are cowards. I had a robin that screamed most alarmingly when I took it in my hand. The next year it returned and seemed to yell louder than before. Right after handling this one I caught another that fought me until I let it go. Even then it flew to a near tree and scolded at me. Not only is there a difference in disposition apparent between individuals of a certain species, but there are discernible differences between species. Species act differently in the traps, in the hand, and when released. Song-sparrows are most generally cheerful, robins show some resentment and are generally rather cowardly, starlings are most morose, catbirds apparently more concerned over their ruffled feathers and loss of dignity than anything else, and, contrary to what we might suppose, blue jays are, in my experience, generally cowards. Chipping-sparrows seem to like to be held, and sometimes close their eyes as if they would like to go to sleep right then and there. But, no matter what the tem-



Trap with sliding door which is operated by a string. This robin was caught in the same spot the year before

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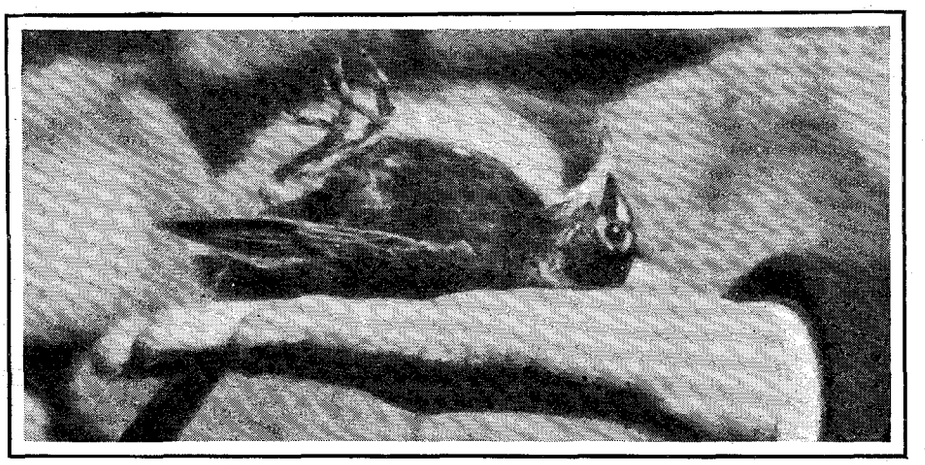
perament, they all seem willing enough to "come back for more," and fortunately it is so, for the more frequently they use the traps the more completely do they write their biographies.

While the marking of birds by means of metal rings about the legs dates back to as early as 1710 in Europe, nothing of importance in this line was done until about 1899, and, in spite of early attempts at employing the principles involved in bird banding, quite fittingly by Audubon for one, no definite effort to organize or systematize the work was undertaken in this country until about 1907, the New Haven Bird Club being the first organization to make the attempt. The American Bird Banding Association was organized in 1909 at a meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, and it was through this Association that bird banding began to come into prominence and its value as a method in ornithology received recognition. From 1911 the Association was fostered by the Linnæan Society of New York, until early in 1920 the enterprise was taken over by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. Thus bird banding is now conducted by the Government through voluntary observers who regularly report to Washington, and rapid progress in banding methods and an increasing demonstration of the value of the work have been the results.

The early method was to mark nestlings or birds which came into the hand by some accident. While the possibilities of these birds being heard from again at first seemed quite remote, it was surprising how many "returns" there were. After the pioneer work of S. Prentiss Baldwin, of Cleveland, Ohio, who demonstrated the possibilities of systematic trapping of adult birds, bird banding made rapid strides. Many designs and styles of traps have been in use. Some operate on the principle of the "catch-em-alive" rat trap, while others are operated by pulling a string. The traps are baited with food which the birds like, and, while the majority of bird-banders have comparatively little time to give to the work each day, the traps are used all day long by the birds and become feeding stations which augment their regular food supply. The bird-bander is a bird conservationist; not only does he feed the birds, he is careful to guard his grounds from their enemies.

The bands are of aluminum, each band bearing a number and the address of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C. I have often watched newly banded birds to see what they would do,



Very much alive, but apparently unconscious that it is free to depart

and in several instances have been able to keep track of a bird for several minutes. In most instances they fly to a near bush or tree where they "collect themselves" and generally give themselves a good shake. Sometimes a bird will sing almost at once. Almost invariably the band will soon receive the bird's attention, and not infrequently an effort will be made to dislodge it by pecking or pulling at it. I remember one song-sparrow that apparently spent most of the afternoon trying to get rid of the band, but during the course of the same afternoon he twice entered the trap again. It is certain that, while a bird may bother a little about the band at the start, it is soon unnoticed, just as are the rings we wear on our fingers, and as far as the traps are concerned and the fear which we would naturally expect the birds would have for human handling, the number of birds which enter the traps again and again and year after year is really surprising until one becomes used to these occurrences. I have had a white-throated sparrow enter the trap ten times in two days. Contrary to what we would logically suppose, the birds are not frightened away. Trapping has proved that birds have a very keen recollection of a spot where food is to be found. I have frequently seen birds come from a distance and go directly to a trap. That they associate the human element with the traps is perhaps improbable, but if they do, it is certain that hunger, or a craving for the luxuries which the traps contain, is a more dominating force in their lives than is fear. After a bird has been handled many times, however, it is apparent that it remembers just what to expect from the giant who comes plodding toward the trap; and my old song-sparrow, first mentioned, shows every indication of taking the whole circumstance as a matter of course.

How long do birds live? Banding has thus far disclosed a passerpine bird that is at least eight years old, and there are many instances of birds which are known to be four and five years old. Is it the general practice of the young to return to the same locality where they were reared? While it is not yet possible to answer this question, apparently the tendency which the adults display is not so marked with the young, although many birds banded when nestlings or fledglings have been retaken in the same general locality a subsequent year.

Are birds monogamists? In the case of house wrens there seems to be a tendency on the part of the males to desert their wives after the rearing of the first broods (the house wren raises two broods each year) and take unto themselves new wives for the second broods. Mr. Baldwin has obtained some most interesting facts at Cleveland in this connection, and by banding has been able to trace the matrimonial affairs of these birds from year to year.

Through the augmented interest in the work and the assistance of regional Bird Banding Associations which are co-operating with the Biological Survey, the number of bird-banders is rapidly increasing. While each individual bander is obtaining facts of interest concerning the daily lives of the feathered friends which are visiting him, the banding fraternity generally is contributing a vast amount of data which eventually will be a determining factor in the solving of many problems which confront the ornithologist and economist.

Only one who has experienced it can fully appreciate the thrill which is obtained through the handling of the first wild bird to be taken in hand; then the excitement of taking an old friend of a previous year. A bird has to be handled very carefully to avoid injuring it; it is an extremely lively creature, and until practice makes perfect the bander goes about his business rather nervously.

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My Mormon

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

This is another of Mr. Hagedorn's "American Vistas"

I SHOULD have known better. Canaries are not confined to the Canary Islands. I have been told of proselytizing in England, of missionary journeys to the ends of the earth. There is no Chinese wall about the State of Utah, and therefore no reason under heaven why I should be surprised at finding myself dining at Tucumcari, New Mexico, with a Latter-Day Saint. But the sudden discovery, half-way through the meal, leaves me as astounded almost as I might have been if my companion had risen from the chair opposite me and, with every expression of respect, tweaked my nose.

It is a feeble excuse to say to myself that he does not look like a Mormon. The beard of Brigham Young is firmly imprinted on my consciousness; with a simple-mindedness which is spared public punishment only because it is shared by nine-tenths of mankind, I have assumed that all Mormons have beards like Brigham Young. This table companion of mine has no beard at all. His smooth face is no different in general effect from ten million other American faces; there is nothing either in his features or his expression to set him apart from all other respectable young men who make twenty-five dollars a week and "kid the girls" Saturday nights; but he is a Mormon, which for the moment makes all the difference in the world, so far as I am concerned.

I stumble upon his Mormonism as a reward for my flippancy in recounting to him the mishap of a friend who I have just heard has been indicted for bootlegging in company with a Mormon bishop.

I am puzzled why he does not seem to find the joke as funny as I do; then he explains. I throw up my hands; he shows no resentment.

"There's a black sheep or two in every fold," he remarks, "and the Mormons, I guess, have their share; especially the Utah Church. I belong to the Reorganized Church of the Latter-Day Saints. They stick to the Gospel more than the others."

I admit my ignorance; I have never heard of the Reorganized Church; I did not even know that there had been a schism. He enlightens me. When Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church, was killed, away back in the days when the sect was battling for existence with an unfriendly world, two rivals were proposed for the Mormon leadership. One was Brigham Young, the other the infant son of the founder. Young was a man of extraordinary power; the majority rallied to him, but a remnant remained to found a new Church with Joseph Smith the younger as titulary head. From a little town in Iowa the Reorganized Church, I am told, spreads over the earth the gospel of Mormonism. It is a purer Church than the Church of Utah, says my companion. The Bible is its guide, and its members live according to its commandments as no other Christians do. He makes the statement with the unhesitating certitude with which men utter axioms which demand no proof.

But if there are differences between the two branches of the one Church, it appears, they are differences only in tradition and in degree of fidelity to the one unsurpassed revelation.

I watch my Mormon as he consumes his ham and eggs. He might be a traveling salesman, at home in a smoking-car, in heaven at a lodge meeting. I would as soon suspect him of being a classic poet as a religious devotee.

"I'm surprised the way people don't know about the Church," he remarks. "There ain't scarcely no one, you might say, that knows, for instance, that the Mormon Church is the only one descended directly from Christ. Yo' see, after the twelve Apostles died, the Christian Church went into eclipse. It stayed in eclipse for eighteen hundred years, when the angel—it was the angel Moroni—appeared to Joseph Smith up in New York State telling him he was of the order of Melchisedek an' should go an' establish the Christian Church again. So it's almost as if Christ had founded the Church direct. The angel told Joseph Smith where to dig for some tablets, an' he found 'em just where the angel said. They was made of thin gold, an' there was a kind of Egyptian writing on 'em."

"How could he read them?"

"You remember about Urim an' Thummim in the Bible? Well, they was a kind of wonderful glasses, an' when you put 'em together for spectacles you could read anything, it didn't make no difference what language it was in. Well, Joseph Smith got one of his friends, Martin Harris, with a couple of others, to take down his dictation while he sat behind a curtain with the Urim an' Thummim on, an' read the writings like they was English. An', say, it is a wonderful book. The history of America from before Christ down to about the time Columbus came. People have said it was all fake, but professors are coming round now to see it isn't. What do you call them fellows that dig up things?"

"Archæologists?"

"That's them. Well, some of them are finding things now—towns and cities down in Mexico an' South America—that Joseph Smith described line for line in the Book of Mormon. It's wonderful."

"What happened to the tablets?" I ask, innocently.

My Mormon does not turn a hair. "Oh, they was taken away again by the angel."

"I see," I murmur, bewildered by such faith. "How—how opportune!"

"Eh?" queries my companion, leaning forward. "I didn't catch what you said."

"It was not important. I was talking to myself."

My Mormon, having finished his ham and eggs, pushes the plate from him and attacks a leather-covered slice of machine-made apple pie.

"People, as I said, ought to know more about the Mormon," he goes on. "We preach only the Gospel. It ain't like these other Churches—current events, politics, prohibition, travel lectures, and those sort of things. In our Church we don't pay our ministers. They make their own living at farming or a trade, so they can preach what they want without always havin' to think of the men who pay their salaries. They just say anything they want to, letting it hit where it'll do the most good. The whole faith is built up on the Bible, an' Mormons live up to its teachings more, I guess, than members of any other Church. It ain't that we're better'n other people by nature, I guess, but just that our Church is closer to Jesus Christ than the others, an' so the standard's just higher, that's all."

He says it with a naïve lack of self-consciousness which is as staggering in its way as his credulity. I find myself slightly breathless.

"How do the Mormons stand on polygamy these days?"

"Oh, they're off that. The young people wouldn't stand for it."

"I have heard fine things said of the Mormon women."

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"It's right, too. And I guess there's less divorcin' among 'em than anywhere else. Now an' then a couple even goes to the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City an' gets married for eternity."

"For—what was that? For"—

I find my breath leaving me again.

"For eternity. If they've been married regular by a Mormon bishop, they can go an' get married in the inner sanctuary of the Tabernacle for eternity."

"I see, I see. But what if the wife dies and the widower marries again?"

"Well, he can marry her just for this life or he can go to Salt Lake again an' get married to her for eternity too."

I am bewildered by such ingenuity. "Then polygamy has not been given up, only postponed. Is that it?"

That, he tells me, is it.

I feel as though I were hurtling back through ten thousand yesterdays.

It is he himself who brings me back to Tucumcari and the third decade of the twentieth century. He is on his way to Kirtland, Ohio, he says, to visit the central temple of the Reorganized Church. He tried at the railway offices at El Paso to get a job in the offices of the railway at Memphis, but—he laughs—they got on to him.

"What was the idea? I don't quite get it."

"If they'd given me a job at Memphis, they'd have let me have a pass to get there."

"Oh, I see. Then you'd planned to work there for a while?"

"That's what I wanted the general manager to think. I didn't want no job. What I was after was free transportation. Then I'd have hopped the next train for Columbus. I guess I'm out of luck." He laughs.

This little manifestation of what a cynic might term the modernistic approach to the problem of existence gives me a certain sardonic satisfaction. I had been half afraid that my Mormon was a psychic projection of a fictitious character, imperfectly imagined.

Over the cigars he continues to unfold the peculiar Christlikeness of all Mormons. I watch him enthralled, conscious that my Museum of American Character has received an addition which deserves a room to itself.

Her Wicked Finger

By Elizabeth Washburne Wright

THE monsoon, due to have broken days before, held back and would not break, and again night like a woolen blanket fell upon Calcutta. It was a suffocating and gasping town.

There was no moon, but the night was full of a great luminousness. The treacherous Hugli, slipping past Fort William and up into the heart of the native town, was silent. On the breast of her the river craft threw black and immense shadows, and the surface of the stream was smooth as a mirror, smooth as a basin of oil. Golden and greasy stars, weary of their own weight, seemed to have dropped from the low-hanging heavens and lay upon that sleek and mirror-like surface to be picked up by any passer-by.

A low hum that rose and fell—almost a moan—hung over the town. Now and then a shadow slipped down the empty roads.

There was no breeze or breath; nothing but the cloud of heavy heat that was not to be stirred, that was weighted with the breathings of thousands of souls, their strange foods cooking, the sickening fumes of incense rising from little shrines, the night fragrance of flowers cloying in their sweetness—the stale offensive breath of a community packed to suffocation and gasping for air.

From across the river there began the muffled steady beating of a tom-tom. A mechanical and rhythmic pounding, expressing dumb endurance, hopeless and hypnotized, to continue without cessation to the very end of time.

In a bungalow under the shadow of the fort three men were dining together. A *punkah* with a flounce of red cotton swung back and forth over the length of the table. It beat rhythmically like a great red wing—a silent thing stirring the dead air into a semblance of life. The room was lighted with oil lamps that suffused a dull yellowish glow and were turned low to reduce their heat. Behind each man stood his own watchful bearer in wrappings of clean white muslin. At the host's side was stationed a native wielding an enormous fan, fashioned after the manner of a gigantic ax and crudely decorated in swirls of orange and blue paint.

The room had no windows, but numberless doors that opened on a wide veranda. The jungle itself seemed only to stop at this barrier—the reek of it was in the room and the smothering scent of rank flowers in full bloom. Little lizards darted in and out and a steady chorus of insect life rose to a shrill and metallic cadence and sank again in rhythm. Squatting without in the shadows of the veranda, the *punkah-wallah* pulled forever and let slide a rope which vanished through a tiny opening in the wall and suddenly returned.

Conversation, which had lagged and died away, that seemed to follow with unconscious rhythm the eternal sweep and swing of the *punkah,* of a sudden flared up.

"By Jove, opium again—it seems to me the subject can never be left in peace. In the old days there was no trouble about the trade." Efferton, the host, a large florid man, put down impatiently the mango he had been on the point of opening.

"I thought we'd made it plain enough, Cardwell; the Government can't assume responsibility for this trade. There's a great row on at home about it; agitators, busybodies—you know the sort—have scruples about it, talk about 'poisoning the Chinese.' All rot; does 'em good—in moderation. You know—every official in India knows—we'd be in an awful box if the trade were stopped. Where's our revenue to come from? The Puritans at home never seem to give that a thought! We can't tax our poor heathen here any more. Taxation's a ticklish question in any land, let alone out here in the East. Opium pays as nothing else does, and, in my opinion, it's a Godsend to India, and has come to stay. But of course, Cardwell," Efferton interrupted himself quickly, "you understand that this is my 'unofficial' view. Officially we can't support it—I've had it in so many words from the Viceroy himself—we know nothing about it. If you fellows care to run the risk of getting the stuff into China, why, that's your affair. The Government won't heed you; but we don't sanction it, we don't know anything about it. That's our position."

"And does nobody have any sympathy for the Trading Company? What's to become of us?" asked the man addressed as Cardwell, a singularly spare man with a face the color of white leather. "The Chinese are kicking up a devil of a row. They're such obstinate brutes, too—impossible to reason with them. My brother in Canton writes that the Emperor has sent a Commissioner—an old chap named Lin—to stop the trade entirely. Perfectly preposterous! But he's making no

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end of trouble—actually refuses to let our merchants land the opium; and, by George, it's still out on the river in junks—or was, when Jim wrote. I suppose you can't interfere, but it's a nasty situation." Cardwell beat impatiently on the table with a spoon. "Dash it! And we've got another cargo waiting to be shipped this week—uncommonly fine stuff too, with just the touch the Chinaman likes!"

"It's hard lines, Cardwell—I admit it. But persevere; it's dogged does it. Jove, but they're a spunky lot to defy us like this!" Efferton applied himself once more to his mango.

"I say, you chaps," broke in here the final and youngest member of the party, who had been listening impatiently to the conversation, "I admire your patriotism, and its practical application to the coffers of India, and all that sort of thing. But it seems to me you haven't given much thought to how the shoe pinches the other fellow. Let me put in a word for John Chinaman. I've spent some years in his Flowery Kingdom, and I flatter myself that I know something of the brute. He's not a bad sort at bottom; he's the most industrious beggar in the world, and law-abiding too, if his rights are respected. Also he has brains, and was making use of 'em too when we in England were running around jolly naked and living on roots. That he thinks the devil of a lot of himself and his institutions seems to stir the bile of every good Britisher. But that's because the ordinary Englishman hasn't any imagination. If most of us didn't believe to-day along the lines the Chinaman does, 'Merrie England' would begin and end in the fogs of the North Sea."

"Hello, Hugh," interjected Cardwell. "I thought you'd been sent to China to look after our interests?"

"Now that you ask, Cardwell," returned that gentleman, sharply, "I don't mind telling you, if you traders don't call a halt pretty soon, I, for one, mean to get out. It's given me inflammation of the conscience—or some such distemper—to see your efforts to contaminate a decent people for the sake of a few dirty rupees."

"Gently, gently," interrupted Efferton as Cardwell flushed angrily, ready to retort. "We've nothing against our yellow neighbors—don't know what we'd do without them. You're biased, Hugh. This isn't a question of morals, but of business. This is a practical matter—a very vital matter, as it concerns our revenue—and we aren't going to chuck it out of sentiment for the Chinese or anybody else. Besides, we've got to protect ourselves. What with their tea and silks and what-not, the balance of trade is all with them, and they'll drain us dry of our currency if we don't look out!"

"That's all rot, John. China's got a perfectly honest market in India, and you know it. Tea and silk, that people need, is one thing. Opium, that's rank poison and that we wouldn't under any consideration ship to our own country, is another, and you know it; and so do you, Cardwell. Here you force it on a people who don't want it, and have been yelling about it for decades past. And you won't listen to them. Get around them and their laws in every way you can and push it down their throats, and then call them 'obstinate brutes' because they protest. You're no better than pirates and smugglers, you and your blessed John Company. Now you know what I think about it," and Hugh Efferton brought down his fist on the table till the little glasses rang, and the *punkah-wallah,* who had dozed for some minutes unheeded, began of a sudden a terrific pulling of his rope.

"It's a disgrace to England!" continued young Hugh Efferton, hotly; "and it's beyond anything conceivable to me that straightforward, decent Englishmen can uphold any such rotten traffic, and then talk about 'the balance of trade.' Sorry if you don't like my views, but you're making trouble for yourself and England that'll take years to clean up. China will fight us before she yields to such methods. By George, and we rant about our civilization and 'pity the poor heathen in his blindness'! It's a dirty business, and I wouldn't be in your shoes, Cardwell, for all the rupees that cascade into your pocket per annum." Hugh pushed his chair defiantly from the table and glared at his opponents.

"Can't say China's done much for your manners, Hugh," drawled Cardwell of the pale face, "despite her centuries of progress."

"I say, it's a good thing you're a privileged character," broke in the elder brother, testily; "but, take it from me, I'll not pull the string to that shower again. You're strung up, my boy, and soft from your vacation. You'll feel better when the monsoon breaks. Let's adjourn to the veranda for a smoke. What do you say, Cardwell?"

"Right oh," responded that gentleman; "it's a filthy hot night."

The men filed out moodily, Efferton the elder and Cardwell seating themselves in long rush chairs without more ado.

Hugh walked to the edge of the veranda and stood staring at the scene below him.

"Your landscape's sad—smells sad. What do you suppose they are plotting down there in the jungle?"

Vague cries and murmurs sounding far away, the howling of a dog, the glitter of the river, the throbbing tom-tom.

Hugh fussed with a cigarette and threw it away.

"Canton's pretty bad, but it's livelier than this. All your choking vines and flowers make my head ache. Look at the river too—shines like a pane of glass. How it shines, anyway, this country, even in the dark."

There was no response from the two men in the long chairs. Hugh glanced at them impatiently.

"I shouldn't mind having a shot at that tom-tom artist. Doesn't he get on your nerves, John?"

"My dear brother, I've outgrown 'nerves;' you'll find life much pleasanter and easier of solution when you do the same."

Hugh laughed shortly.

"Thanks—for nothing."

The men lapsed into silence.

The Indian night pulsed on, full of brooding, of mystery, of an indefinable sadness. The minor cries shrilled and sank and shrilled again. The great stars dragged their heavy weight across the skies.

"By Jove, how that fellow startled me!"

"A chit from your Mem-sahib, Cardwell. Here's your fellow. You should teach him not to creep up in that way."

Cardwell took the note and walked to a lamp burning low in the far end of the veranda. His sudden exclamation caused both men to turn.

"Not bad news, Cardwell?"

"Good God!" stuttered Cardwell. "I told you the kiddy was ailing. Listen to this from Edith."

He held the scrap of paper close to the lamp and read aloud:

"Come home at once—the Baba unconscious. Ayah's been giving him opium to keep him quiet—under her nail—and the darling sucked her wicked finger. She's just confessed. Hurry, hurry, and bring the doctor."

"Opium," the two men uttered simultaneously.

"The she-devil!" added Hugh.

Cardwell crumpled the note into a ball.

"If—if—the child—if anything happens—the woman'll die for it."

"I don't believe it's as bad as that, old man. Let me order the trap for you."

"No—no—couldn't wait—thanks just the same. Good-night, good-night," and Cardwell hurried from the veranda.

"Of all things," began Efferton, "opium—fancy now! You can't trust these natives—any of them. If that child dies, it's murder—nothing short."

Hugh looked at him sharply, opened his mouth, and closed it again.

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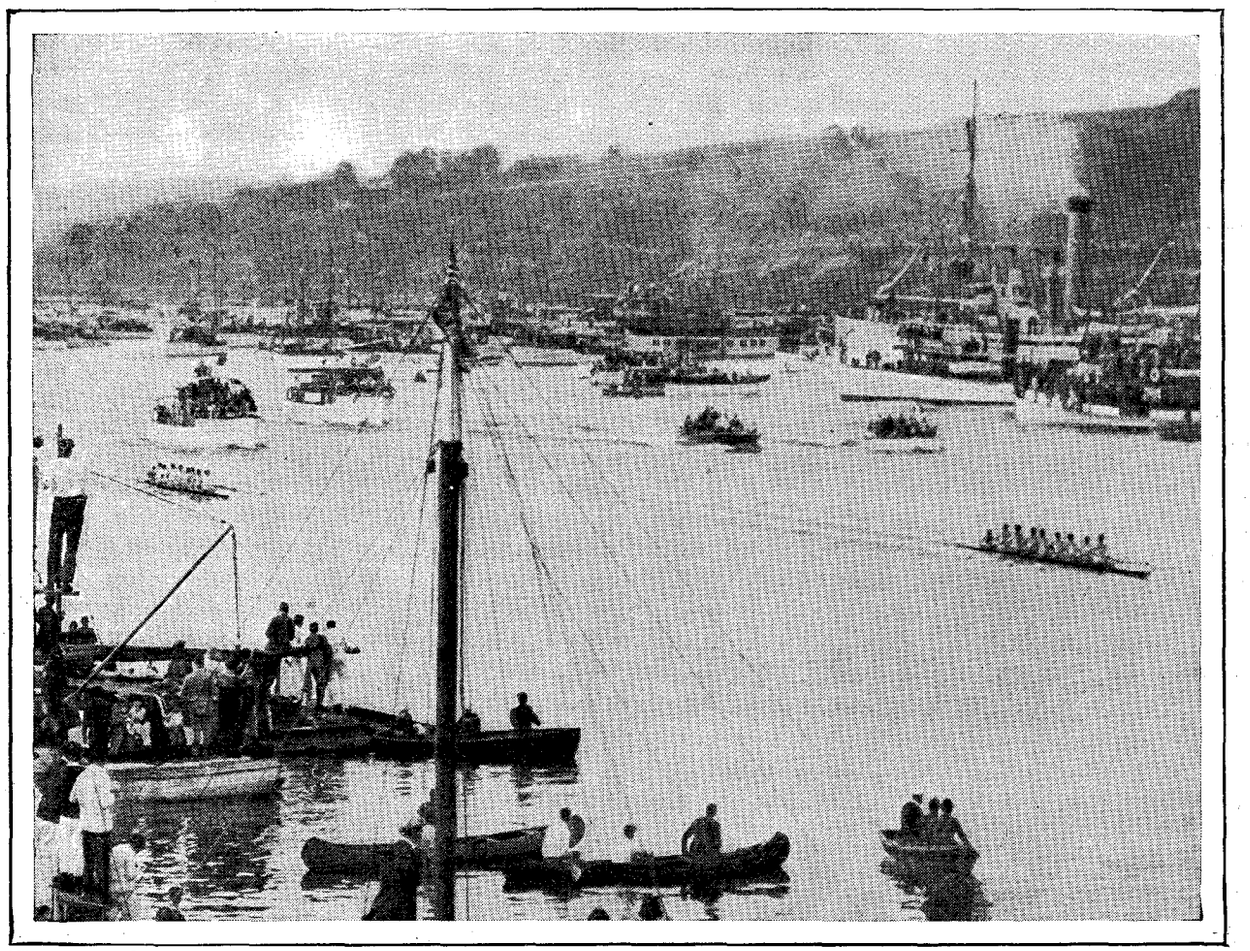
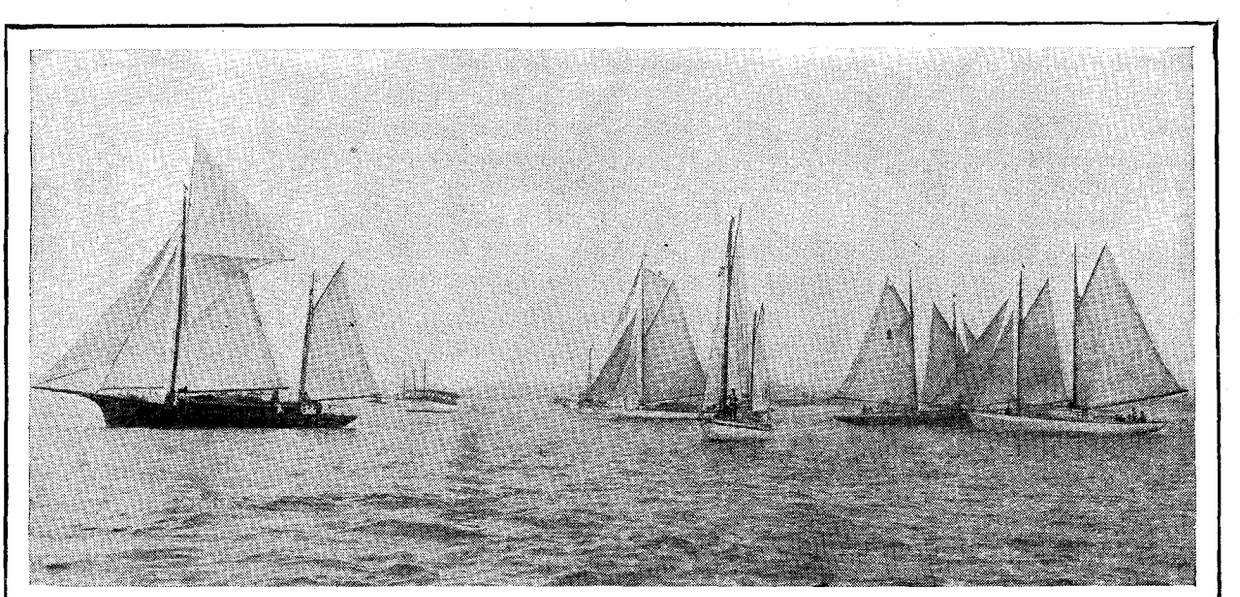
New London has a Feast of Races



(C) Underwood

The finish of the 'Varsity race between Yale and Harvard, with Yale far in the lead. The Yale crew following its victory sailed abroad to represent the United States in the Olympics



International

The start of the annual ocean race from New London, Connecticut, to Bermuda. The yachts are maneuvering for position in the light air as they await the gun

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The Book Table

A Bouillabaisse of Books

By Edmund Lester Pearson

THERE is a personage devoutly believed in and venerated by literary editors and the contributors to literary reviews. This person is a reader of books—a reader from October to June of the toughest and most abstruse works about psychology and economics. As soon as the warm weather arrives, however, this profound student breaks the shell of his—or her—chrysalis, and, flapping his—or her—butterfly wings, sails away to a bookshop to demand some "light reading" for the summer months.

It is a myth. In my small way, I have helped to carry on this myth during the past ten years by compiling I do not know how many lists of "books for summer reading" or "books to carry on vacation." Really, there are no times and seasons for special kinds of books, and no hard and fast (nor soft and slow) rules about reading, any more than about eating. The weary college instructor may be looking for two or three detective novels and a book of humorous verse to take into the country and read in a hammock—you always read light verse in a hammock (I think that Marjorie Daw set the style). But the college instructor may actually be planning to spend the summer in the city, writing a serious book, like the Latin professor in Elmer Davis's "I'll Show You the Town" (McBride, $2), and may never get at the "light" books until next winter. And a winter's evening is notoriously the best time for novels. You cannot reckon on tastes in books—and that is lucky. I once saw a tremendously learned man—a scholar, a cabinet minister, and a viscount, besides—reading a shilling-shocker called "The Countess's Revenge;" I knew an old and nervous lady, who lived alone, who said that her favorite reading for midnight was "something to make the blood run cold;" and I once met a night-watchman who read everything he could get by William James, and, what was more remarkable, by Henry James, too.

Although I did not intend to begin with a novel, I do mean briefly to mention some entertaining books, and "I'll Show You the Town" is a light-hearted, galloping narrative of amusing adventure. There is nothing about Latin in it, and the professor—as a professor—does not function at all. But as the escort and friend of a number of pretty women he does very well indeed, and the book has something of the perpetual gayety of a book like "Pickwick"—substituting New York in the reign of Hylan for England under William IV, and dinner-dances and cabarets for encounters at wayside inns.

There are bound to be many books about the war which will be described as "the best yet," and probably most of them will describe some minor operation or "side-show" of the conflict. For a long, thoroughly readable, and altogether admirable book there will be few to equal Colonel Rawlinson's "Adventures in the Near East" (Dodd, Mead, $3.50). I know of no reader of this book who is not enthusiastic about its record of strange adventure, heroism, and humor. I have had to guard my copy against constant danger from thieves. Here is a more "serious" book—that is, one which imparts information. But it is interesting information, and highly pertinent this summer: Fred E. Haynes's "Social Politics in the United States" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). I could read it in a hammock—if I had a hammock—and keep awake far better than with some of the dull-gray autobiographical novels which are written, apparently, to prove something about the minimum wage, or sex hygiene, or the duty on herrings. The chapters on Socialists and the war, on the Non-Partisan League, and on the I. W. W. are especially succinct.

Eden Phillpotts's Dartmoor novels are not what they used to be—and never were, according to some folk—but he struck a good vein with his books on the Human Boy. The latest one—not the last one, I hope—is "A Human Boy's Diary" (Macmillan, $2), which is quietly and continuously amusing. The ability of a genuine artist to invest trifles with interest and importance could hardly be better illustrated than it is in the scene between Dr. Dunston, the two boys, and the dormouse in the schoolroom at night.

George S. Chappell, author of "The Cruise of the Kawa," has written a slim volume of sprightly rhyme in "A Basket of Poses" (Albert and Charles Boni, $2), while the illustrator, "Hogarth, Jr.," and the publishers have conspired to make it attractive. The author honestly writes his own blurb:

By far the brightest book of rhymes
I've ever recommended;
A cocktail for these arid times,
Of wit and wisdom blended.
I've learned the volume through and through
And very often quote it,
Which is the obvious thing to do,
Considering I wrote it.

A poetical Daisy Ashford is Nathalia Crane, whose book "The Janitor's Boy" (Seltzer, $1.50) is what a flapper would correctly call "a perfect scream." Nathalia Crane is a humorist, a precocious poet of eleven (but a nice one), and something very much more. You will find her poems about the red-haired janitor's boy and about love and life on the western end of Long Island an unfailing delight. I will name no other little-girl poets, nor make any unkind comparisons, but Nathalia is the one best bet. Witness her poem on "Suffering" (the result of sitting down on a bumblebee), and another on an adventure in a Flatbush store, when Marjorie and the poet herself were so captivated by the clerk that they forgot to pay for their cream. Now it takes the poet's eye to find romance in Flatbush!

Of course we could have sauntered back
And settled, don't you see,
But oh, we could not stain romance
With monetary fee.

Others of her verses, like "The Rose of Rest" and "The History of Honey," have the true magic.

"The Amateur Collector" (McBride, $3), by George C. Williamson, is a remarkable book in that it discusses the collection of almost everything—glass, furniture, postage-stamps, even decanter labels and lace bobbins—everything but books. It is a pleasant book, without heaviness of style, but a little like the kind of volume often left on the drawing-room table by families who have a patronizing manner towards books. Bohun Lynch's selection of "The Best Ghost Stories" (Small, Maynard, $2.50) is distinguished for its inclusion of a story by the best of all modern writers of these tales, Montague James, who was unaccountably ignored by Miss Dorothy Scarborough in her collections. Mr. Lynch speaks truth in his Introduction—that the best ghost stories are modern (yes, I have investigated Scott and Bulwer-Lytton), and he fairly states the issue as between the Montague

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James school of "regular crawlers" and that of Algernon Blackwood, the "psychics."

We are not proud of our murderers in America, and so, except for a minor exception here and there (business of blushing, by the present writer), we leave it to Englishmen to write about them. And thus we find two American cases, the Burdell and the Thaw, described by an English judge, Edward Abbott Parry, in his "The Drama of the Law" (Scribners, $5). Judge Parry's phrase, "The Drama," gets into his head a bit, and he fetches in a metaphor of the playhouse rather too often, but his book gives brief accounts of strange crimes, mainly in England, of the past three centuries.

The year 1840 was funny; it was a time when people did quaint and curious things. So were 1850, '60, '70, and even '80. I am willing to admit it. But when so many writers of books are beginning to deride 1890, and even 1900, and to suggest that only an elderly dodo can remember these years or can take their manners and customs seriously, I begin to get purple and hoarse, and to wonder if there is no respect left for age and experience. In Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer's "The Social Ladder" (Holt, $4) the anecdotes about the times of Aaron Burr are very well. But what does she mean by writing about the Bradley-Martin ball as if it belonged to the Age of the Dinosaurs? *I* can remember the days of the Bradley-Martin ball.

People have smuggled everything: elephants, monuments, buildings, ships, and brides. People have always smuggled everywhere; they did it two thousand years ago, and they do it to-day on Rum Runners' Row. So writes Mr. Verrill in his "Smugglers and Smuggling" (Duffield, $4). Wicked and rascally are all the folk described with such relish in this book. Their operations were carried on by night and in secret; they defied government, law, and order. Yet, somehow, we enjoy reading about them in such a fascinating book as this. Which of us does not know somebody, an estimable lady, perhaps, who has returned from Europe with a bottle, say, of chartreuse, concealed in some odd place about her? As good citizens it is our duty to write to Mr. Mellon. But maybe we like chartreuse.

Readers and students will turn to Mr. Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art" (Macmillan, $4) in its new edition, as they do to his book on prints, for its authoritative information. I have had a good time in reading many of its pages and in looking at its admirable illustra-

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tions for sheer amusement—as a sort of social history of a side of American art which is very near to life. The chapters on political caricature, and on the comic paper and the daily press, are examples. The author is a keen amateur of New York life, of its customs and amusements, and is as interested in tracing its past and observing its present as E. V. Lucas is in London.

Christopher Morley and Don Marquis have written a novel called "Pandora Lifts the Lid" (Doran, $2), which is full of the other end of Long Island—the other end from that which Nathalia Crane describes. Readers who believe that G. K. Chesterton is a successful writer of novels and short stories—and this includes better judges than I—will believe that Mr. Morley and Mr. Marquis can write a novel. To my mind, they are good essayists, columnists, poets, humorists—everything but novelists. I cannot love their Pandora; I do not believe I could love any heroine who was called by her schoolmates the Juvenile Joan of Arc. But reading their novel, as I read it, in the very region in which its action takes place, a region haunted by bootleggers and "revenooers," I found it, like the famous coffee, good to the last drop. Mr. Morley has also compiled another volume of "Modern Essays" (Harcourt, Brace, $2). At the risk of having my shamelessness uncovered in recommending a book which contains a few pages written by myself, I wish to invite attention to the book, principally because nobody with a healthy taste for crime should miss Lawrence Perry's essay, "The Elwell Case." It is a cheering thing to find an American with such a gusto for a murder mystery.

Speaking of murder—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (author of "The Lodger," one of the great murder novels in the language, and out of print, I believe—the black shame of it!)—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has written in "The Terriford Mystery" (Doubleday, Page, $2) a novel not up to her best, but far better than nearly anything else of the kind in the past two or three years. It is the story of a poisoning case, and the author has studied criminal lore to advantage; her medico-legal knowledge would, I fancy, pass examination by experts.

If you wish an appropriate gift for a traveler, there is the new edition of Rolfe's "Satchel Guide to Europe" (Houghton Mifflin, $4), calculated to breed discontent in those who stay at home; or there is "The Magic Carpet" (Houghton Mifflin, $3), a neat little book by Mrs. Waldo Richards, containing a selection of poetry for travelers. Barring its rather small print, "The Apocryphal New Testament" (Clarendon Press), translated by Montague Rhodes James, offers a mine of curious Scriptural lore. It has also the advantage which the little Swedish girl said belonged to the actual New Testament: it is "a very *moral* book." In his "More Wild Folk" (Century, $2) Samuel Scoville, Jr., continues his excellent essays about animals.

Do you want "a story just about a feller and a girl"—and also about a dog and a desert island? J. A. Mitchell's "The Pines of Lory" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2) has fortunately been published again. It charmed thousands of readers twenty-one years ago, and it should do so again. J. A. Mitchell wrote eight or ten curious and original books, and it is a pity that there is no one like him now. H. K. Vielé was another of his kind. The past is smiled at, but sympathetically, in Ralph Nevill's "The World of Fashion" (Dutton, $6). Detective stories, some of which succeed, while some do not, are found in Ernest Bramah's "The Eyes of Max Carrados" (Doran, $2), and a book about walking, which I mean to read, is Charles Coleman Stoddard's "Shanks' Mare" (Doran, $2.50).

It has puzzled readers to know why Gamaliel Bradford, whose portraits of Americans are so shrewd and distinguished, should have wished to add another book on Samuel Pepys. But probably every reader of his "The Soul of Samuel Pepys" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is glad that the book was written. It is all good, from first page to the last. You will shorten your vacation if you take it with you, for it will make you wish to hurry home to your copy of the "Diary" itself, which is not easily carried abroad—not even in the new thin-paper edition. But perhaps you are not going away, or perhaps—poor creature!—you are a writer of book reviews, and the very last thing in the world which you wish to see during a vacation is a book.

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The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

BRAXTON BRAGG, GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Don C. Seitz. The State Company, Columbia, South Carolina. $5.

It is a dour face that looks out at us from the frontispiece of Mr. Seitz's book, and the character of the man does not belie his picture, for General Braxton Bragg seems to have been a rather cantankerous person. He was born in North Carolina in 1817, and after finishing his course at the local academy entered West Point in 1833. Here he did well, graduating fifth in a class of unusual size, was assigned to the Third Artillery, and was sent to Fortress Monroe. He fought in the Mexican War, doing good service at the battle of Buena Vista. Some years later he resigned from the army and bought a plantation in Louisiana, but the outbreak of the Civil War found him ready to join the Confederacy, and he was at once commissioned as Brigadier-General by Jefferson Davis. The rest of the book is given over to a more or less minute account of General Bragg's campaigns, in many of which he was unsuccessful, but, as his biographer says, "his army was predestined to disaster, not from the fault of its commander or its personnel, but because it was on the losing side."

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

I FOR ONE. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Though Montaigne invented it, the essay seems to have become the most characteristically English of all the literary forms. Of course essayists of rank have been and are found in other countries. But it is of men like Bacon and Addison, of Lamb and Hazlitt, of Stevenson (Mr. Swinnerton notwithstanding) and Chesterton, we think instinctively when the merits or demerits of the essay are brought up for discussion. To that notable company, which continues to enjoy a devoted following even in our own day of hustle and bustle, Mr. Priestley forms a not unworthy addition. He is of the true breed, combining grace of form and leisure of mind with a certain suggested rather than displayed wisdom of life that seems indispensable to the essay at its best. A smile is always hovering about his lips—metaphorically speaking—and he never makes the mistake of letting it turn into a loud guffaw. His humor, like his wisdom, is never obtruded on us, so that its discovery appears more to our credit than his own. And so one turns with pleasurable regrets from such charming meanderings as "An Ill-Natured Chapter," "On Haberdashers," or "An Old Conjurer," feeling that we have been in good company and that it will pay for us to return to it. Nor is this feeling abated when, in his discussion on the depressive quality of shallow optimism, he says of our own country that here "a mechanical cheerfulness, the result of nothing but astigmatism and insensitiveness, passes for the very height of wisdom."

FICTION

LISTENING MAN (THE). By John A. Moroso. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

A retired fire captain whose household consists of a fire dog, also retired, and an adopted son rescued from the flames has for neighbor his old friend Tierney, a semi-retired detective, formerly of the police. The hero-worshiping boys of the village gather naturally around the pair, and the detective relates for their delectation tales of past prowess and occasionally exemplifies present achievement. Detective Tierney's language is inelegant, his intellect is none too brilliant, and his heart is in the right place. The stories are not especially ingenious or exciting, but the reader feels that they may be nearer the truth of crook performance and police pursuit than many that are more so. There is no blood-and-thunder to horrify sensitive souls, nor will they allure the young and innocent to crime.

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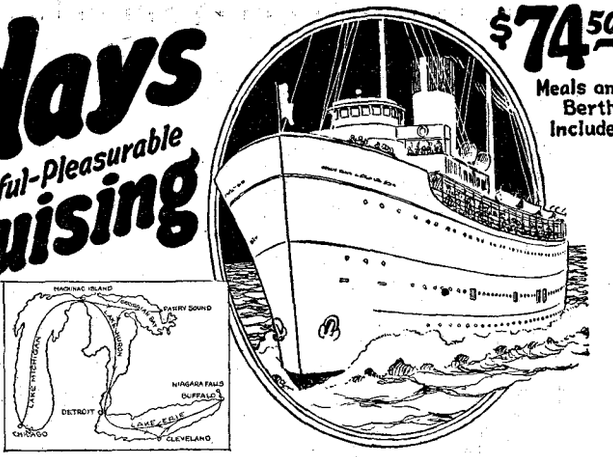

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See Japan, Manchuria, China, Philippine Islands starting October, 1924

Sight-seeing and shopping, certainly, but more important personal acquaintance with eminent men and women leaders in political, educational, social and religious circles of countries visited.

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THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

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The **Green Triangle League** for motor tourists will send you names of *clean* and pleasant places to stop overnight or for meals — farmhouses and boarding-houses *recommended* by our members. Frequent bulletins of suggested tours and stopping places. **Unusual and attractive trips through Green Mountains and Connecticut Valley** now ready. Membership $3. Address 105 W. 40th St., New York.

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Fifteenth Season—1925

(A) EUROPE via the MEDITERRANEAN, $919.00

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Outside rooms with bath.

Number limited, ¼ of the space already taken.

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WORTHWHILE TOURS, Boston 30, Mass.

A MIDSUMMER'S DREAM OF TRAVEL

Arrange now for a midsummer or late summer trip to Europe with one of our small, individually conducted groups. England, France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Italy comfortably, economically and intelligently visited.

Temple Tours are unique in travel. Write at once for "Summer Journeys to Europe in 1924."

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441-A Park Square Building, Boston

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"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of *superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system* a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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YONKERS, N. Y.

Attractive house overlooking Hudson River

Broad, comfortable porches, select neighborhood. Large and small pleasant rooms, nicely furnished. Some rooms with private baths. Good table. Very convenient to N. Y. Central, Hudson River and Putnam Railroads, also subway connections. Gentiles only accommodated. 119 Locust Hill Ave. Phone Yonkers 4484.

Boarders Wanted

Teachers Club, Navesink, N. J., open for women boarders from July 15th. Near Atlantic Highlands and seashore. Excellent accommodations. Reasonable rates. Address MRS. LOUISE CARD, Manager, Navesink, N. J.

Hotels and Resorts

Maine

THE FIRS

Deer Isle (Sunset P. O.), Maine

"An all-summer home for particular people."

Available for July or for the season—

One log bungalow, large living-room with open fire, bath with running hot and cold water, four bedrooms, porches. Meals at central inn. S. B. KNOWLTON, Haverford, Pa.

YORKCAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE. J. LEWIS YORK, Prop. Famous Rangeley region, heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

The Beeches *Paris Hill, Me.* A Health Resort for delicate, nervous, or convalescent persons seeking rest and recuperation in the invigorating climate of Maine. Open June to November. 900 ft. elevation. Resident physician. Send for booklet.

THE HOMESTEAD

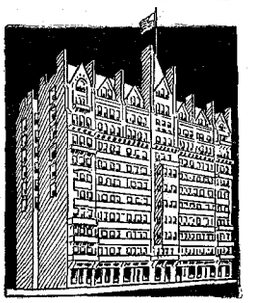
Bailey Island, Maine

18 miles from Portland. Water sports, tennis. Illustrated folder. June 15–Sept. 15.

Ocean Park Hotel, Ocean Park, Old Orchard Beach. Surf bathing, boating, fishing, motoring, tennis, golf. Best food and beds. Wholesome environment. Booklet. F. H. Thurston.

Hotels and Resorts

New York City



HOTEL CHELSEA

23d Street at Seventh Avenue

New York City

12-Story Fireproof Building

Easily accessible to all Railroad Stations and Steamship Piers.

COMFORTABLE
HOMELIKE
REASONABLE RATES

Monthly or Yearly Quotations for permanent guests.

Interesting map O. L. of New York City sent free upon request.

Knott Hotel Chain

A. R. WALTY, Mgr.

Hotel Wentworth

59 West 46th Street

New York City

Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.

HOTEL

CLENDENING

202 West 103rd Street

15 Minutes Express to Times Square
Via B'way Subway, Station 200 ft. from Hotel
Convenient to All Surface Lines.
Room and Bath at $3 per day up.
Single rooms at $1.50 per day up.
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $4 up.
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms and Bath $6 up.
Weekly Rates on American Plan.
Restaurant Table d'Hôte & A la Carte.
Write for Booklet O and Map of New York.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.

SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

New York City

Hotel Hargrave

106-112 West 72d St., running through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single room, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J.

New York

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

DEAN HOUSE (and Cottages)

Delightfully situated on lake shore. Hotel golf links. Horseback riding and all summer sports. 52 miles from New York City.

Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge and cottages, Keene Valley, N. Y. "Best moderate-price hotel in mts." Located in spruces and pines. 1,500 ft. elevation. 400-acre farm in connection. State certified Jersey herd. Rates $18 to $20 per week. Illustrated booklet. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

Adirondack Mts.—Tamarack Inn KeeneValley, N.Y. Home cooking, vegetables from our own garden. Milk and cream from certified herd. 18 large, airy rooms. Bathing, dancing, mountain climbing, picnics, movies. Terms $18 up. GEO. R. DIBBLE.

Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y. Adirondack Mts. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

ADIRONDACKS SUNRISE LODGE Mt. Arab, N. Y. Restful home for nature lovers. Water and mt. sports. Address E. D. Barnes, Mt. Arab, N.Y.

The Lloyd. On Great South Bay. Exceptional location and house. Cool, comfortable, charming. Sports, sailing, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, motoring. Address The Lloyd, Bellport, L. I.

"WILDWOOD." A pleasant home in the woods, appealing to nature lovers. Quiet, refined, unpretentious. Within commuting distance. Tennis, fishing. Box 194, Katonah, N. Y.

New Hampshire

BEMIS CAMPS

OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE

Near the White Mountains

The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

Canada

CANADA'S WILDS — NORTHERN ONTARIO

TIMAGAMI Wabi-Kon Camp Lake Timagami Ontario, Canada

A real North Woods **Bungalow Camp** in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest—**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.** Address Miss B. ORR, Wabi-Kon Camp, Timagami, Ont.

Rhode Island

Jamestown Narragansett Bay, Opp. Newport, R. I. Several nicely furnished cottages having all modern improvements. On the shore and overlooking the Bay. Put in perfect condition for occupancy. Booklets. Thorndyke Hotel.

Connecticut

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE, Newtown. In Berkshires. Attractive rooms, home cooking, few guests accommodated. Early reservations. Miss Mary L. Martin, Newtown, Conn.

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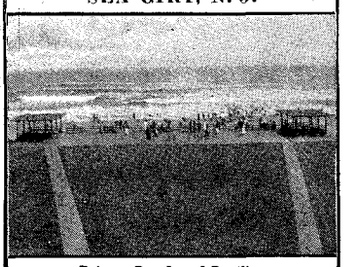
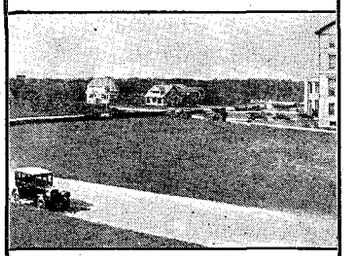
Hotels and Resorts

New Jersey

THE STOCKTON
SEA GIRT, N. J.



Private Beach and Pavilion



West Lawn and Motor Entrance

A charming hotel on the ocean front. Tea house, casino, concerts, dancing.
W. B. STUBBS, Prop.

The **BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**
"House of Hospitality"
ONE BLOCK TO OCEAN
CARRIE E. STROUD, Owner-Manager
Phone, Asbury 1433. North Asbury Park, N. J.

Massachusetts

Rock Ridge Hall
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. (Near Boston)
Fine location. Hot and cold running water in nearly all bedrooms. Some private baths. Many comfortably furnished rooms *for general use.* Large, breezy, screened piazza. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Tennis. Croquet. Baby golf course. Ample grounds for the children. Cream, berries, fruit, fresh eggs, chicken. $15-$25 a week.

Tavern-on-the-Moors
Nantucket Island, Mass.
Sea bathing. Golf. Rates moderate.
Operating the
'Sconset Summer School
Science, art, literature, international affairs.

WESLEY HOUSE
OAK BLUFFS MASS.
Island Martha's Vineyard
30 minutes' sail from Woods Hole. Cool island breezes. Sailing, fishing, tennis, 18-hole golf. Good roads. Warm, safe bathing. Near variety amusements; dancing, movies. Write for booklet. AMERICAN PLAN ONLY.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Opens June 28th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 20th season.

Vermont

Prospect House and Cottages
Lake Bomoseen, Vermont
In the Green Mountains. Every scenic and recreational advantage, including golf. Booklet. QUINLAN & HART, Props.

CHESTER, VT.—"THE MAPLES"
Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

Real Estate

Canada

New St. Lawrence River cottage for July and August. Suitable only to family wanting quiet location with fishing, swimming, and boating. Direct railroad connections for New York. Christians only. Address Mr. Richards, 29 St. Marks Place, New Brighton, N. Y.

Connecticut

East River, Conn. To Rent or For Sale
10-room furnished cottage with garage. 200 ft. water-front on L. I. Sound. ½ acre land. R. A. Wadsworth, 150 Fern St., Hartford, Conn.

FOR SALE Two-thirds of one of the finest of the THIMBLE ISLANDS
10 miles east of New Haven in the Sound. 10-room house, about 8 acres. Well adapted for development for cottage sites. Dock. 10,000-gallon water storage tank and pump. For further particulars write 2,447, Outlook.

Maine

CAMDEN, ME. Very desirable summer cottage directly on the shore and one 200 ft. above it, at reduced rentals. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

Shore-Front Bungalow
On Casco Bay, 12 miles from Bath
Newly furnished, 7 rooms, 2 baths, steam heat, open fireplace. Best of housekeeping facilities. 4 storage rooms in dry, light cellar. ¾ acre of land with ideally located flower garden. Safe harbor. Tennis. Price $7,000. Box 87, Sebasco, Me.

LAKE SHORE BUNGALOWS
In heart of Maine's Beautiful Lake Region
Baths, running water, fireplaces, screened porches. Ice, wood, use of canoe, maid service, included in rentals, which are moderate. Best black bass fishing in State, tennis, swimming and canoeing. John A. Chase, Kent's Hill, Me.

Massachusetts

CAPE COD Attractive 4-room cottage at West Harwich. 2 bedrooms, screened porch, electricity, hot and cold water. Desirable location, among pines, near fine beach. $125 per month. Box 247, West Harwich.

AT MANOMET
PLYMOUTH, MASS.
New cottage; exceptionally fine in all its appointments. Hot and cold water from living spring, electric lights, open fireplace, broad piazzas, fine view of ocean and the hills. Excellent neighbors. Terms moderate.
Wm. HAWLEY, Room 148, State House, Boston

New York

FOR SALE
Some of the finest Adirondack Mountain estates, suitable for the most fastidious tastes. Offered for sale at a small fraction of the original costs. Lake George, Schroon Lake, Lake Placid, Long Lake, one beautiful inland property with nine-hole golf course. WM. H. MONTGOMERY, ADIRONDACK Mountain real estate specialist, Chestertown, N. Y.

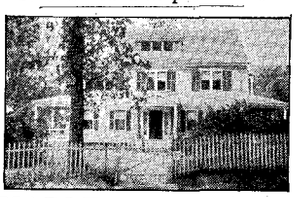
CAMP IN ADIRONDACKS By Week or Month
Furnished, 2 bedrooms, running water, toilet, $20 per week. A good center for touring. Jersey milk and cream. Ice. A. WARD, Jay, N. Y.

TWILIGHT PARK, CATSKILL MTS.
Attractive Furnished Cottage For Sale
8 rooms, 1 bath, fine spring water, electric lighting. On beautiful wooded lot, ¾ acre, directly opposite Twilight Inn. Terms reasonable. Immediate possession. Good repair. Apply to Miss Gertrude L. Baker, Twilight Inn, Haines Falls, N. Y.

New York

For Sale, Unfurnished, or For Rent, Furnished
"THE KNOLL"
the home of the late
Dr. Lyman Abbott at
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric lights, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
H. W. CHADEAYNE
44 Smith Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

New Hampshire



CHARLESTOWN, N. H.
COLONIAL HOUSE, 8 ROOMS
FOR SALE. 2 baths, steam heat, set tubs; garage for 2 cars, tool house, chicken house, 2 asparagus beds, grape vines, apple, plum, pear trees, approximately 2 acres land; 5 minutes from school, stores, post office and churches. Owner, WILLIAM H. GILSON.

FOR SALE
WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.
Bungalow Camp, furnished, 10 acres on lake. Boathouse, boats, fishing, bathing, ice, wood. Price $6,000. Details and photos on request. Box 22, Center Conway, N. H.

New Jersey

Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Furnished, 6 rooms, running water, boathouse, exclusive woodland, 1,080 ft. above sea. Long season, $300. Write A. B. Newman, 511 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Tel. South 2683.

Rhode Island

Weekapaug, R. I.
To Rent from August 1 to September 15
Charming bungalow, facing ocean—bedroom, sleeping-porch, living-room with fireplace, bath, kitchenette. All modern conveniences. Prices: for August $250, from August 1 to September 15 $275. Apply to Mrs. M. H. Hapgood, 22 South Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.

STATIONERY

EMBOSSED STATIONERY. NEW—INEXPENSIVE—DISTINCTIVE. Embossed by our plateless process on white, blue, light amber, or gray paper in gold, blue, green, black, or red. 200 single sheets (half embossed, half plain) and 100 envelopes, or 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes, all embossed, $2. West of the Mississippi add 20c. Write for free samples. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

MUSICAL

ORGANIST, experienced, desires position for summer in or near New York. 5,159, Outlook.

ROOMS TO RENT

RUTHERFORD, N. J. Furnished room with private family. Pleasant location, easy commuting to New York. Continental breakfasts if desired. 416, Outlook.

TO rent, pleasant rooms. Fine scenery. Helen Weller, Bristol, Vt.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE—Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite F 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MOTHER'S helper wanted, September 1, in pleasant home. Suburban New Jersey, near New York. Four children, ages four to eight. Desire well educated, refined young lady with some real training and experience in handling children. No teaching or tutoring required. 5,148, Outlook.

GIRLS' boarding school near Baltimore wants house mother. Woman of personality with daughter to educate. Practically no housekeeping duties. Interview necessary. 5,157, Outlook.

WANTED — Working housekeeper, near Philadelphia, two in family; good cook, neat appearance. Excellent salary to right person. 5,158, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG lady, congenial companion, or assist light housework. Travel anywhere. 5,160, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE man wants summer work as tutor or athletic director or both. Best references given. 5,140, Outlook.

PRINCETON graduate, three years instructor, desires part-time position as tutor in family residing in Paris this winter. Wide experience. Best references. 5,151, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED, at THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., young enthusiastic educated married couples without children, with vision to train for executive positions in child caring institutions, starting as cottage masters and matrons at fair salaries with maintenance. Excellent opportunities for advancement to right parties. For further information write Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

AN OPPORTUNITY for one little girl. Board in good home. Splendid surroundings, near Philadelphia. $50 monthly. 5,155, Outlook.

A WILLING WORKER. It will pay you well to put The Outlook's Classified advertising section to work for you.

It can serve equally well as a salesman or an assembly of worth-while information.

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Boy and Girl Campers Ahoy!

NOW is the time when boys who are real boys, and girls who are real girls, turn with longing to the thought of the joys of camp.

And not all those boys and girls who are dreaming of camp fires and fishing, of hiking and sleeping out under the stars, of basket-ball and base-ball in the open, are going to have their hopes and wishes gratified.

That is the sad part about it. Hundreds of boys and girls with the true camping instinct, living in a country full of splendid camps and camping grounds, are going to be denied the privilege of a real vacation because of the lack of a few necessary dollars.

Have you set your heart upon some particular camp? Are you wondering how you are going to get there? Do you know that The Outlook has found a way for boys and girls to earn camp scholarships and that all over the United States boys and girls are starting out to win their own vacations?

If you want to join this army of country-loving boys and girls fill out the blank and send it to The Outlook Camp Department this very day.

Dear Junior Sales Division:
THE OUTLOOK,
381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

I want to go to Camp .....

The board at this camp is $..... a week. Please tell me just what I will have to do to earn..... weeks' vacation.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

By the Way

LAST year, between April and ber, a million people visited L s, according to "The Wonder of L es," a booklet by an English writer John Oxenham. On one occasion 12 ,000 people assembled on the great square in front of the basilica. In spite of these enormous crowds there is not a single policeman in Lourdes. Order is preserved by the Brancardiers—the stretcher-bearers—a religious society. They also act as attendants at the baths which are a feature of Lourdes. These baths, the author says, consist of "stone or cement troughs about the size of an ordinary bath, but below the level of the ground and entered by a slope. The patients are stripped by those in charge, laid on webbed stretchers, and plunged bodily below the cold water." Notwithstanding this drastic treatment it is said that no one suffers from the cold immersion.

Under the heading "Not Knocking the Doctor" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association reprints this item from the Boulder (Colorado) "Camera:"

Blonger's greatest fear—that he would die behind the prison walls—weighed on his mind for the last two weeks of his illness, according to Dr. R. E. Holmes, who attended him and hastened his death.

From the "Yale Record:"

REEL LIFE

A lady working in the slum
Reforms an evil, uncouth bum.
The wedding bells begin to hum!—
In the movies!
A prince disguised in garb of churl
Reforms a wicked chorus girl.
The wedding bells begin to whirl!—
In the movies!
Such thrilling shows! And yet I doze—
In the movies!

What becomes of the antiquated railway engines and cars that are displaced in favor of new models? Most of them are probably broken up; some are destroyed in accidents; some perhaps pass on to poorer roads. But some at least are kept as records of the past. This must have been the case with a train which is being exhibited in Western cities by the Great Northern and the C., B., and Q., to show the difference between it and a modern all-steel passenger train, also exhibited. The ancient train is drawn by the first locomotive used on the Great Northern; it has an antiquated combination coach and the original Pullman sleeper, No. 9, which first went into service in 1859. It carries all its original equipment except the old link couplers; automatic couplers were substituted for these by order of the Inter-State Commerce Commission when it sanctioned the use of these trains for exhibition purposes.

From "Szczutek" (Lemberg):

"How dare you, with your scandalous past, propose to me? It wouldn't take much for me to throw you down stairs and turn the dogs on you!"

"Am I to take that as a refusal, then?"

Stephen Leacock tells in an article in "Harper's Magazine" how much better advertising English is than standard poetry. Here is one of his paraphrases written to illustrate the point. Longfellow, he says, expresses a certain idea in "a tone that verges on drowsiness:"

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
That the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

This, put into advertising English by Mr. Leacock, would read:

Young Man, This is You! Do you want to remain all your life on a low salary? If not why not be up and doing! Still achieving, still pursuing! We can show you how. Why not take a correspondence course? Our curriculum includes engineering, poultry, mind reading, oratory, cost accounting, and religion. Don't wait. Start achieving now!

From "Karikaturen:"

"I asked you to loan me a hundred dollars, and you let me have only fifty."

"That's fair enough, isn't it? I lose fifty, and you lose fifty."

"Lost" advertisements are numerous in New York City newspapers, but the "Found" column is often entirely absent. A conscientious "finder" recently inserted the following advertisement in the latter department in the New York "Times." The lost cat certainly picked a comfortable abiding-place while waiting for its owner to reclaim it:

FOUND—Cat; large, lovely gray tame cat. Church of Heavenly Rest, Butterfield 3624.

Here is another unusual advertisement (from the Marshall, Texas, "Morning News"):

Notice.—John S. Smith has sold his entire interest in the People's Undertaking Co., and is no longer connected with the firm. He wishes for all his friends and customers the best success, and urges that they continue to encourage and patronize the company.

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